

# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

MAY 17, 1941

## WHO'S WHO

JOHN J. O'CONNOR, now an associate professor of history, St. John's University, Brooklyn, was, for a time, managing editor of the *Commonweal*, and was, earlier, the Catholic editor of *Religious News Service*, the agency of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. His article seems phrased in despair but imbued with hope. . . . GERARD DONNELLY, associate editor, has frequently written of his pet hobby, the machinery of politics, polls, nominees, procedures in the democratic system. This week, he has a problem that defies even his ingenuity; and so, being only an amateur, since he cannot resolve the problem for himself, he tosses it on the lintel of the Senate. . . . JOHN A. TOOMEY, also an associate editor, has a pet aversion to textbooks that are irreligious and un-American. He examines the series of Professor Rugg on the occasion of the publication of the Professor's semi-apology for himself. . . . SISTER MARY is a professor at Marygrove College, Detroit, Mich. . . . WILLIAM J. MCGARRY, S.J., received the degree of Licentiate in Sacred Scriptures from the Biblical Institute, Rome, and was Professor of Sacred Scripture before he became editor of *Theological Studies*. His study of the Last Discourse was recently published under the title of *Unto the End*. . . . THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS is our well known and highly-applauded movie columnist. He handles Shaw's brilliancies with equal brilliancy.

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Editor-in-Chief: FRANCIS X. TALBOT.

Associate Editors: PAUL L. BLAKELY, JOHN LAFARGE, GERARD DONNELLY,  
JOHN A. TOOMEY, HAROLD C. GARDINER, J. GERARD MEARS.

Treasurer: DANIEL M. O'CONNELL. Circulation Director: DANIEL L. FITZGERALD.

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# COMMENT

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THE QUESTION of our national future has at last become simple and clear. During the past year, perhaps during the past two years, we have bandied about words that were either vague or misleading, that either implied more than they meant, or concealed their full consequences. Acts-short-of-war, all-out-aid, intervention, isolation, lease-and-lend, sale of destroyers, convoys, sea patrol, national defense and like terms expressed, and failed to express, our thoughts. All of these topics have been debated. Each one of them has been considered a proposition in itself. Not one of them has been frankly and bravely related to the final consequences. But now, we are examining those consequences. We are beginning, honestly, to use words in their full meanings. The question is so starkly clear that anyone can understand it: Shall this nation pursue the way of war or shall it maintain the stand of peace?

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, alone, can give the answer. We deplore the fact that this tremendous responsibility should devolve upon him alone. We believe that it is wrong and dangerous, in theory and according to the Constitution and the democratic system, that the destinies of our nation should be lodged in the power of one man. But the vote of the people, the legislation passed by Congress, the present popular approbation have placed the President in the position of such dictatorial authority that he, and he alone, can cast the deciding vote: to wage war in its entirety, or to keep the nation at peace. The President has sought this power. Congress has granted it to him. Most of the men and women prominent in our national life have applauded the surrender of unlimited power to him. The citizens have recognized it, for now they send their telegrams and letters, not to their Congressmen nor to their Senators, but direct to the President himself. Whether we approve of it or object to it, the fact is certain and undeniable: President Roosevelt, alone, singly, can make the decision that hurls this nation into the war against Germany. We are not speaking of theory, nor of the spirit of the Constitution, nor of our democratic system of Government; we are speaking of fact. There is no power that can legally restrain the President from measures that involve this country in actual warfare. Only the President, and only an aroused people, can maintain the limited peace that now exists.

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WAR OR PEACE? Heretofore, we have not faced the issues in their entirety. We have spoken of convoys, and we meant war. We have talked of defense and noted our non-preparedness, and thought that we meant peace. But our spokesmen have not

squeezed the full meanings out of the terms war and peace. War means American sailors, American airmen, American soldiers being killed and killing. War means desperate battle against a desperate enemy. War means years of unsettled conditions in industry. War means taxes, want, sufferings, untold sacrifice. War means a temporary abandonment of our democracy, and the danger of a permanent change in our system of government. But is the way of peace easier? Will the present maintenance of peace ensure a permanent peace for this country? If England collapses, if Nazi Germany controls the continent of Europe, will this nation be able to maintain peace with the Axis Powers? The old order will have been blacked out as a finished period of history; a new order, that of the totalitarian state and ideology, will be imposed on the next period of history. Will the United States find that peace can be maintained in honor and in fact in a totalitarian world? We know, without vagueness, what war means. We can only speculate as to what the present preservation of peace may mean for the future. The naked question before the President and the people of the United States is: Shall the United States immediately declare war against Nazi Germany?

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REPEATEDLY, President Roosevelt has declared that he is opposed to war-in-fact. Many of his acts and words, however, may be interpreted as meaning war-in-prospect. The majority of the people, as far as their views may be ascertained, are appalled at the thought of factual and actual fighting in Europe or in Asia. A plebiscite now, it may be judged, would give a majority against a declaration of war. Some leaders of the Administration, on the contrary, are convinced that war is inevitable, and a now-war is preferable to a lingering state of pseudo-peace. A powerful minority backs their views and demands war as a guarantee for a secure peace in the future. The decision, for war, for peace, is impending.

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ARE the national polls of public opinion accurately reflecting the attitude of the American people toward war involvement? Senator Nye answers: "No, they are not." He maintains there is an overwhelming sentiment against entrance into hostilities and that the polls fail to mirror adequately that sentiment. The war party, he adds, is using certain national polls in an effort to overcome this opposition and to build up a war psychology. In view of the power of the polls to create trends of thought, and exercise a "band-wagon" influence on the masses, the Senator, feeling that they should be looked into, introduced into the Senate a resolution calling



for a sweeping investigation of all such public-opinion samplings. His resolution seeks to learn how accurately the polls reflect public opinion, how trustworthy are the fact-finding methods, and who determines the manner in which the polls shall be conducted. The Senator intimated that the constant reiteration of the war-entrance theme, as practised by some of the polls, might have the effect of building up a war trend. In the light of the Senator's resolution, it is interesting to recall the experiment conducted last year by a university professor. This experiment indicated that the phrasing of the questions in a poll is all important, that one desiring certain answers can obtain those answers by certain nuances in the phrasing of the questions. Senator Nye's proposed investigation might scrutinize the phrasing of the questions in the war polls.

EFFICIENCY rates pretty highly in Vatican City, if we may judge from the fact that the little state, which had 1,025 residents in 1932, boasts no less than 599 telephones. The little note in the paper that carries this news goes on to say: "Vatican phones are directly connected with the Roman system. It is only necessary to dial zero, and one is connected with the whole system of Italy." To judge from the fruits of secular governments, in their efforts to abolish wars, to institute a reign of peace and justice, their number is zero, too, and their one great chance for salvation would be to have a direct line to the Vatican. Peace may seem far in the distance, indeed, but it is not too soon to begin praying and talking up the clear fact, in season and out, that the Pope must have a place at any table where peace will be discussed. If in no spirit of Catholic and Christian unity, at least in the realism of "we'll try anything once," the Vicar of the Prince of Peace must have a say in plans for peace.

WORDS are a marvelous, and should be a sacred, thing. One use they have is to explain things. When they are used to simply name a thing, and pretend that that is an explanation, they are masquerading under false fronts. Julian Huxley's latest book, *Man Stands Alone*, gives a priceless example of this intellectual jargon. In one passage he says:

The essential character of man as a dominant organism is conceptual thought. And conceptual thought could only have arisen in a multicellular animal, an animal with bilateral symmetry, head and blood system, a vertebrate as against a mollusc or an anthropod, a land vertebrate among vertebrates, a mammal among land vertebrates. Finally, it could have arisen only in a mammalian line which was gregarious, which produced one young at a birth instead of several, and which had recently become terrestrial after a long period of arboreal life.

If we skip the evolution asserted in the last phrase, what remains is that Huxley has merely given a physical description of the kind of animal that thinks, and has said nothing at all of how it is that this animal *can* think. He has just given the animal several names. You see now why we get really riled

when assorted crack-pots spout about democracy, the American Way of Life, freedom, etc? They are simply giving names, with little or no idea of what meaning underlies them. Mere names are often nonsense.

BARRELS of vinegar catch fewer flies than lumps of sugar, we are told. That practical reason, apart from Christian charity, has animated us in seconding the programs and policies of helping to feed the starving in Europe. Early and definite moves in this direction would have strengthened the bonds of spirit between us and the nations of Europe, and would have resulted in gratitude and an admiration for democracy that was proving itself by its works. Instead, we are viewed in many quarters with suspicion and distrust because we have been promising arms and planes that we cannot supply, and have not done much to send the foods that we can supply. How this succoring of peoples in distress can break down prejudice and foster unity, is seen in the recent action of Eire sending fire-fighters and ambulances to the aid of bombed Belfast. All commentators on this humanitarian deed stress the fact that it has done more to break down the wall of partition between North and South Ireland than any happening of the past hundred years. If we are to have grounds for hope that the occupied countries will even keep an interest in being free, we must show them that freedom's first job is to preserve, not to destroy, life.

THE Federal Communications Commission, by a vote of five to two, adopted new licensing regulations which dissolve one of NBC's two networks and weaken the contractual power which NBC and CBS have over the member stations of their respective chains. Whether the present network set-up is one of advantage or disadvantage is basically an economic question upon which views may differ. Far transcending this question in importance are two additional issues involved in the action of the Federal Communications Commission, viz., first, the right of the F.C.C. to issue such regulations without specific authorization by Congress and, secondly, the citizen's Constitutional right to freedom of speech. The F.C.C.'s latest action is widely interpreted as a significant move in the direction of Government-controlled radio in the Nazi, Fascist, Communist pattern. If the F.C.C. can assume such limitless powers over the broadcasting stations without even going to Congress for authority, then even the semblance of freedom of the air is gone. Stations will be able to survive only as long as they censor their programs in accordance with the wishes of the powers-that-be. The two members of the F.C.C., who voted against the new decrees, declared: "Such concentration of power in Government is just as contrary to public interest as the concentration of control of broadcasting stations among a limited number of licensees." Unless Congressional or judicial action upsets the F.C.C. move, it would appear that freedom of the air is doomed.

CRUSADE against religious ignorance, was the title assigned to the work of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine by the Most. Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara, Bishop of Kansas City, at the Confraternity's regional conference in Dubuque on May 2. We must wage "bitterly and inexhaustibly," said Archbishop Beckman, of Dubuque, a "total war" against this great national evil. Evidence of the need for it are continually multiplying. John Craig, Catholic layman of Tulsa, asserted at a luncheon meeting that a sociological survey of Chicago showed that 63.4 per cent of the families in that city have no children. Said the Very Rev. J. S. Haukap, of Indianola, Neb.: "Monotonous repetition of questions and answers and the failure to place children on their proper grade levels are two cardinal sins in religious instruction."

WARNING voice; continue to sound. In the *Journal of Religious Instruction*, for May, Sister Miriam, S.C., of the College of Mount Saint Vincent, finds for Catholic youth an active "fifth column" in the seduction of ease that comes with the modern environment. Not a routine practice of religion, but an ardent love of Christ is the true protection against this menace.

THE Spanish poet, Manuel A. Garcia Viñolas, has composed a strange Way of the Cross. Pictures for the Stations are photographs of disfigured statues of Our Lord, the Blessed Mother and the Saints, as wrought by the revolutionists. The text is built around events that occurred during the anti-religious riots. It is an extraordinary procession of of pathos and horror; though it ends on a note of sublime hope. But it is likewise a grim commentary upon what takes place in human hearts when the members and the servants of the Church of Christ fall short in their age-long job of passing on Christ's holy doctrine from generation to generation.

DANGER that American publicists, in their very zeal in combating Communism, may fall into the Nazi trap, was recently pointed out by the Most Rev. Joseph P. Hurley, Bishop of St. Augustine, at a meeting in Gainesville, Fla., of the diocesan Council of Catholic Women. "It has been through Communist complacency and help," said the Bishop, "that Nazism has spread its devastation across the face of the West." He warned against an excessively gloomy picture of American conditions as playing into the hands of the enemy. It is a timely and practical warning.

FRANCE will be re-made, will be re-created, said a recent article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by the "latent force" of her prisoners now in German hands. *Cité Nouvelle*, Lyons semi-monthly, passes in rapid review countless letters received from French prisoners: priests, Religious, seminarians, laymen, describing conditions. Food is none too plentiful. Writes one young fellow: "From being convex, I have become concave." "Like the old poet Villon," says another, "I have the legs of a heron." But the spirit is tremendous: whole uni-

versities in some of the camps. Not easy, wrote another, to keep 1,200 restless men in pleasant temper. But it was accomplished by one good Trappist Father, who made up for seventeen years of silence by nights and days of humorous, holy, cheerful conversation.

WORK of the Retreats goes on in the prison camps. In one camp of officers, the chapel could contain no more than 300 to 350 men, all standing. But it was filled to capacity in two successive Retreats of three days each; the officers standing in silence an hour before each exercise. In another locality: "The 6,000 officers here form a regular monastery, Father X is the real Prior."

NEAT little yellow cards, with four Chinese characters printed on them, were handed out to his friends when he was in this country by Father Charles Meeus, a smiling young Belgian priest who became a full-fledged Chinese citizen. The characters meant: Justice, Politeness, Conscience, Integrity. Back now in war-bombed Chungking, Father Meeus practises these four virtues in an unusual manner. When the air-raid warnings sound, he takes his entire flock into sixty-foot deep dugouts and carries the Blessed Sacrament with him. Remaining there for hours at a time, in the Saviour's company, neither he nor the people have any fear.

BEARING on modern problems of "The Charity of Saint Francis—Franciscan Brotherhood" will be the theme of the great congress of Franciscan Tertiaries to be held at Pittsburgh, October 11 to 13. The entire Franciscan family in the United States will join forces with the members of the Third Order Secular on this occasion. Besides the 120,000 Secular Tertiaries comprising 23 jurisdictions, the Franciscan family in the United States includes more than 3,000 Friars Minor of the First Order, 350 of the Second Order (Poor Clares), and over 30,000 Regular Tertiaries, men and women who live in community and profess vows.

TWO THOUSAND workingmen from 100 unions in New York and vicinity gathered on May 15, 16 and 17, in the Church of Saint Francis Xavier in that city, to honor the fiftieth anniversary of Pope Leo XIII's *Rerum Novarum* the "Charter of Labor" and the tenth anniversary of Pope Pius XI's *Quadragesimo Anno*. The speakers on the three successive evenings were: the Most Rev. J. Francis A. McIntyre, Auxiliary Bishop of New York; the Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., former Editor-in-Chief of AMERICA; and Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen.

ACCORDING to *Politiken*, Copenhagen (Denmark) daily, for February 10, the Catholic Church of Saint Ansgar, in that city, has recently been made a pro-Cathedral. Denmark has possessed for some time a Bishop as Vicar Apostolic, but no Cathedral properly so called. Saint Ansgar's is the first church to receive this honor in Denmark since the days of the Reformation. The ceremony received favorable publicity in the Danish press.



# ONLY A REVOLUTION FOR CHRIST CAN CONQUER TOTALITARIANISM

JOHN J. O'CONNOR

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IT won't help very much to weep over the past. The old, comfortable, secure world that we used to know is vanishing beyond recall. Today we stand on the threshold of a new era—a new order of things. We are frightened, bewildered, sad at heart. We are tired—and growing more tired every day. We don't want to think. We don't want to make decisions. We don't want to make the constantly increasing number of adjustments that are demanded by the newspaper headlines.

Odd, isn't it? All that we asked for was peace and security. All that we wanted was a fair chance to develop our powers and faculties to the utmost, to realize all our potentialities, to do the work that we most wanted to do, to get on with our neighbors, to build castles in Arabia, to do something worthwhile before we were called to judgment. It wasn't asking much, was it? We accepted the pain, the frustration, and all the disappointments that are inseparable from living—that are the very coin of life itself. But we wanted something in return, something that would make life pleasant or, at least, endurable.

The inebriated logic of the current crop of radio commentators doesn't help very much. Neither does the strident ballyhoo of the "nothing short of war" brigade. Neither does the revivalist pleading of the apostles of Union Now With Britain. We are weary of all the bedlam and bluster. Propaganda nauseates us. Why go on shouting? Quiet, please! We are all suffering from emotional hangovers. We feel squeezed out, dry as a desert, fever-ridden. Quiet. We want nothing more than a long, sweet silence.

Is the fall of France any longer a mystery? Don't read about it in books and magazines. Don't ask for long-winded explanations. Look into your own heart. You will find the answer there. Yes, you and I are suffering from the same malignant virus. It is in our blood stream, in our heart and mind and will. We have been poisoned, and we are slowly dying. Wave the flag! Roll the drum! Does it really matter? We are very tired.

Western civilization is grievously ill. It is threatened with extinction, and only a miracle can save it. The entire American way of life is in gravest jeopardy, and five thousand airplanes a day won't cure the cancer that is gnawing steadily and powerfully into the very heart of our social structure. Our problem is not one of production. It is one of morale. We don't need any more generals or tech-

nicians. We need saints. We need Christ. That we may be made whole again. That we may see.

In his recent work, *The Redemption Of Democracy*, Herman Rauschning correctly states that the present war puts in question not only 150 years of bourgeois security, but 350 years of an enlightenment that gave self-determination to man, releasing him from subservience to a higher, absolute authority. For it is painfully clear today that man is man only when he centers his dispositions not upon himself and his purposes, but upon a higher end. Therefore, humanism itself is the beginning of dehumanization, of bestiality, because it takes the self-determining man as the end and aim of existence. Thus it lacks any tribunal deriving from the absolute. He asks:

What becomes of a democracy when its rules are no longer inviolable—when there is no longer any common ethical basis? Are the old conventions binding in dealing with a mind that recognizes nothing but itself, its life, its right to live, its will to power? And what but belief in a transcendent order of which the human order is part can ever bring that mind to recognize anything else? The dilemma of every human order centering altogether upon man and his purpose is that it ends with total absence of freedom. It cannot assume as an element of practical will what it denies as a spiritual reality—the brotherhood of man, which exists only in God.

Yes, it is all startlingly clear today. Man, without God, is not truly man. Life here, divorced from immortality, degenerates into swinishness. Science without ethics equates into the bombing of unfortified cities, and brings the front line trenches right into your garden.

Everything has been debunked. Christianity, religion, science, nationalism, patriotism, George Washington, Nazism, Communism, Fascism and democracy—all have been thoroughly and completely debunked. There is nothing left to debunk. The iconoclasts have done their work well. There are no more idols, fetishes, heroes, shibboleths, principles or slogans. The supreme values have become worthless, meaningless, terribly antiquated. As Nietzsche foretold a generation ago, a goal is wanting, an answer to the question: *why?* Why be a free man or a slave? Why go on living? Everything is put in question. Question marks are everywhere. Incertitude overwhelms mankind.

How we Catholics have loathed and despised this Lucifer civilization, this rationalist creation of those little men who refused to bend the knee or bow the head in submission to a higher authority.

We have many times contradicted Nietzsche. We have poured coals of fire on every ideological architect of chaos and barbarism from Machiavelli and Luther down to John Dewey and the Nazi racists. We have issued countless proclamations, resolutions, warnings. We have railed against Voltaire, and denounced the evolutionists. We have excoriated the practioners of *laissez faire*, and assailed the Marxists. We have always been the champions of unpopular causes—lost causes.

During the past four hundred years, Catholics have gone down to defeat in nearly every nation on the face of the earth—with two or three possible exceptions. The new ideologies have rolled like a mammoth Juggernaut over their protesting bodies. Generation after generation of Christian fighters has been outflanked, outmaneuvered, surrounded and liquidated. Year after year the fight has gone on against terrible odds. Martyrs have shed their blood in Russia, Hungary, Poland, Mexico and Spain. *Viva Christo Rey!*—followed by a shower of bullets. It was a superb, gallant fight. Even Sigmund Freud, who spent a lifetime smashing the last poor fragments of a Christian civilization in ruins, was forced to admit that Germany was returning to barbarism and that the Catholic Church was the stronghold of intellectual freedom.

The martyrs are dead. Freud is dead. Where are we?

Today American Catholics are being asked to shed their blood for that particular kind of secularist civilization which they have been heroically repudiating for four centuries. This civilization is now called democracy, and the suggestion is being made that we send the Yanks to Europe again to defend it. In reality, is it worth defending? What's the sum and substance of it? All the Yanks in America will not save it from disintegration. Unless a miracle occurs, it is doomed—finally and irrevocably doomed. The New Order in Europe will be either a Nazi or a British totalitarianism, or a combination of both—a planned economy based on the principle of brute force.

It was difficult for a sick mind to reach that conclusion—to cut through hysteria and wishful thinking of our generation in order to reach the core and center of reality.

We would like to think that Britain is fighting for Christianity and godliness. We would like to believe what the British have been telling us. We do not believe it, however, because there is scant factual evidence to support the British contentions.

Are we asking for too much? We do not ask for British war aims, because we would have absolutely no confidence in them if they were published at this time. We would suspect another propaganda trick, and we are sick to death of mere words. But if there is to be a Christian order after the war, what are the British waiting for? Do they expect to pull it out of Churchill's hat, at some vague indefinite future time, and make it work? If there is to be a Christian tomorrow, Christian deeds must be performed today. We are perfectly willing to forget all about Britain's past sins, but we do have

the right to insist that Britain begin the new Christian order immediately. Once again we are not asking for much—just a crumb of that splendid and magnificent new order, here and now, which has been promised for future delivery.

The creation of a new Christian order would not, of course, be a unilateral enterprise. American democracy is disintegrating, crumbling from within. Fatigue, disillusionment, disgust, the unbearable tension in society, the fear of war and the fear of bankruptcy, the absence of security, the technological revolution which has gone far beyond the instruments of social control, a deep-rooted, anarchistic hatred of a social order which has too long denied the principle of social justice, the revolt of the masses and the leveling off of all values, the absence of any common ethical basis—these are but a few of the multiple factors in the decline which is now upon us.

The growing anarchy can be resolved in only two ways: totalitarianism or Christianity. We are already well along the road that leads to dictatorship. If we enter the war, we shall lose beyond recall everything we pretend to fight for—freedom and independence, personal initiative and inalienable rights, peace and security. If we stay out of the war, but persist in postponing the establishment of a Christian social order until a decision has been won in Europe and in the Far East, it will be too late. The salvation of American democracy depends upon two things: staying out of the war in Europe and starting the Christian Revolution now.

But the shock-troops of the Christian Revolution are themselves sick at heart, wavering, unorganized, timid, compromising, and suffering from the sense of strain brought about by the effort to lead a Christian life in a corrupt and almost completely paganized society. Only an herculean effort, both in England and in the United States, can save the traditional democratic way of life, and American Catholics, at least, seem to be utterly incapable of it. What's the use? Perhaps it would be better to say our beads and mind our own business. After all, there is something very attractive about the catacombs—cool and quiet and thoroughly Christian.

Leadership in this crisis will not come from the laity. It will not come from the bottom of the Catholic pyramid. It will come only from the top, from the Hierarchy. The Christian Revolution will begin when we decide to cut loose from the existing social order, rather than be buried with it, and release the dynamite that is stored up in the Christian Gospel. It will begin when the order goes out from our Bishops, putting every available priest, seminarian, brother, layman and laywoman on street corners and in public parks, teaching Christianity after the manner of the Apostles. It must be an all-out effort in every department of life.

Would the laity respond to some such all-out command? I think they would. It is at least worth a trial. Anything is worth a trial. Meanwhile, we resemble millions of other Americans who are standing around with their fingers in their ears.



# CINDERELLA, MIDNIGHT AND A NEW SENATOR

GERARD DONNELLY

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CINDERELLA happens to be the topic today in the Senate of the United States. As these paragraphs are written, the old, old story of what happened when the clock chimed twelve is being told in the Upper Chamber, and some ninety-odd Senators are sitting at their desks, round eyed and quiet as children listening to a fairy-tale.

It is really a West Virginia story they are hearing, and a comic story at that; yet all the Cinderella elements are in it—the midnight stroke of the clock; the sudden magic change from royal robes to ordinary wear; a prince, or at least a chief executive; a pumpkin—a large, juicy political pumpkin; a few rats, to be sure and also a glass slipper. But maybe in this West Virginia story the glass slipper had better be called the boot. Because somebody is going to get it. Hard, and right in the seat of his pants.

The question before the Senate today is this: who is the junior Senator from West Virginia? Is it Mr. Martin or is it Mr. Rozier? Both men claim the honor; both use the title. But only one may enter into the sacred North Chamber, where the mighty sound off daily.

Ex-Governor Holt (and please note the *Ex*) says his appointee Martin is the lawful Senator from the Panhandle State. But incumbent Governor Neely says no; his appointment alone was valid, and his man Rozier is the only one entitled to wear the toga.

The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections has been holding hearings on this contest since January; it published a 300-page book containing briefs and testimony, along with the heated remarks of the by no means unpartisan judges. The hearings are now finished; the committee has just split 9 to 8 in its findings; both sides made recommendations, today the whole Senate is scheduled to take up the knotty problem.

This is the way it arose.

In the elections of last November, Senator Neely, of West Virginia, ran for the Governorship of his State and was elected. His term was to begin on January 13, but he found himself bound by law, before assuming the Governorship, to relinquish his tenure in the Senate, where he still had two years to go. Resignation from the Senate meant a vacancy which the Governor had the right to fill. Naturally, Mr. Neely, soon to be Governor, planned to appoint a friend and follower to the job.

But here, in the role of villain, enters Homer A. Holt, a gentleman with the same intent, purpose and idea as Mr. Neely's. At that time, Mr. Holt was the incumbent Governor. He held auto license

Number 1. He sat behind the rosewood desk and in front of the stand of colors in Charleston's executive mansion. He was top man in his home State. He was also leader of the anti-Neely faction in the party. And he did not propose to mark time until the day that his enemy could put a pliant stooge into the Washington job.

Mr. Holt thought things over. He was still Governor, he told himself, at least until such time as Mr. Neely took over his job. So if there were any Senate vacancies occurring meanwhile, Mr. Holt was the man to fill them.

This clash of purpose between two strong, shrewd Southern politicians has resulted in one of the most curious cases in American history. Well nigh insoluble questions are raised—questions of split seconds and simultaneous incompatibilities, questions about who did what first or the legal validity of jumping the gun. All this, and much more, the Senate is called upon to decide.

The reader cannot understand this curious contest unless he gets a good grasp on the conflicting claims.

Mr. Holt claims that a Senate vacancy existed and that his appointment was made *during his incumbency* as Governor. Maybe that vacancy existed for a week or two; maybe it lasted for only fifteen minutes; and maybe only for a fraction of a minute. But during that period of time, however long or short, Mr. Holt was Governor and therefore he legally named Senator Martin.

On the other hand, it is Mr. Neely's contention that no Senate vacancy existed during Holt's incumbency—not even for “an infinitesimal fraction of a second.” To be sure, the Senate lost Mr. Neely and a vacancy occurred; but it did not occur, he insists, until the precise moment at which Mr. Holt lost his tenure of the Governorship, and along with it, his power to appoint Mr. Martin.

Now we can look at one chain of events that sprang from this utter difference of opinion.

For two months after his election, Mr. Neely made no move to relinquish his Senate seat. In this he was wise, for had he resigned, Governor Holt would have filled the vacancy at once. On January 11, Mr. Neely wrote a letter to Governor Holt. He said he would abandon his toga, but that his resignation was not to take effect until “precisely at midnight on January 12.”

The reason for Mr. Neely's choice of time was obvious. The exact midnight of January 12 was the zero hour, in fact, the zero second which would start him in his tenure of the Governorship. In other words, he believed that just when the clock ticked twelve his Senatorship would vanish and his Governorship begin. The Senate vacancy and the State incumbency would be created simultaneously, by the clock. Thus Mr. Holt, being deprived in that same instant of the Governor's powers, would be incompetent to make any appointment whatsoever.

Moreover, Mr. Neely resolved that immediately after the zero second he would take the oath of office, and then, as the first act of his authority, he would name Mr. Rozier to the seat he himself had just vacated.

This was a beautifully conceived plan, yet, when Mr. Holt got wind of it, he did not flinch at all. Instead, he worked out a little program of his own, and to back it up, he invented the following argument:

Under the State law (he argued) an outgoing Governor holds office until the newly elected Governor qualifies. But one of the essentials in qualifying is taking the oath. Hence the incumbent does not lose his office and powers at a predetermined hour or by the mere chiming of a clock; on the contrary, he holds over until his successor *takes the oath*. And so if Mr. Neely proposed to take his oath immediately after midnight, let him do so. That did not worry Mr. Holt.

Thus ran the opposed arguments. We turn now to the actual events.

Sometime after 11 P.M. on the night of January 12, Governor-elect Neely met his friend Judge Kenna and a small group of witnesses in a room in Charleston. Keeping an accurate check upon the official time, they waited until exactly midnight. In that magic moment when, presumably, the Washington toga fell from his shoulders and the executive crown descended upon his head, Mr. Neely raised his right hand, listened to the oath as Judge Kenna read it aloud, answered "I do," and signed on the dotted line. This whole ceremony required perhaps fifteen seconds.

Meanwhile, Governor Holt and his witnesses met in an office in the Capitol. Mr. Holt carefully watched the official time; in fact his assistants checked it, second by second, over the telephone with two watchers stationed in the Western Union office. At precisely midnight the checkers shouted "Go!" Instantly Mr. Holt signed a document appointing Mr. Martin to the Senate.

Here is how Mr. Holt explains his actions:

At exactly twelve, Mr. Neely's resignation became effective and there existed a Senate vacancy. But Mr. Neely could not assume the Governorship until he had pronounced his oath. That required a bit of time, perhaps fifteen seconds. During those fifteen seconds Mr. Holt was still Governor—a holdover Governor but not yet stripped of power. Within two or three seconds—in much quicker time than Mr. Neely could pronounce the oath—Mr. Holt had signed an appointment. The document, because executed by a yet incumbent Governor appointing to a then existing vacancy, was wholly legal and valid. It filled the Senate chair. Thus it took away from Mr. Neely any later chance to name his successor.

Mr. Holt's scheme was ingenious, but its validity depends upon the truth of his claim to a holdover period, however brief. If Mr. Holt's tenure and powers really carried over until, say, 12.00.15, then the brief Senate vacancy was validly filled by his appointment, and Mr. Martin is now the real Senator. But on the other hand, if Mr. Holt's tenure ceased at midnight (as Mr. Neely claims it did) then he made the Martin appointment about two or three seconds after his own incumbency had ended, and thus acted invalidly.

So the whole problem revolves around the Cin-

derella crisis: What really happened at the stroke of twelve? Who was the incumbent Governor in those first few seconds following midnight?

But the Panhandle contest is not being fought solely on that issue. It is a bit more complicated than that. The complications arose when each warrior, shrewd, far sighted and forewarned, took steps to protect himself from his foeman's tactics. Mr. Neely foresaw, and acted to prevent, the split-second appointment just described. Mr. Holt moved to upset the new device of his adversary. Hence the West Virginia contest is not merely a stop-watch matter; it also raises questions about the law.

This is the place to tell the reader that Mr. Neely took an oath, not only a few seconds after midnight, but also at 11:45 P.M.—some fifteen minutes before his term began.

In his search for a way to block his opponent's split second maneuver, Mr. Neely had previously searched the statute books. To his great satisfaction he found a provision which permitted an incoming official to take the oath of office *before* the beginning of his term. He learned, moreover, that this was the common custom for judges, justices, sheriffs, and other State officials.

And so Mr. Neely argued thus: "I must qualify before assuming the Governorship, and of course the oath is a necessary qualification. But under the law I am permitted to take my oath before midnight. I shall do so at 11:45 P.M. Thus I shall complete all my qualifying steps, and the stroke of midnight will automatically make me Governor."

This writer pauses here in admiration of that argument. It seems based on good West Virginia law. Yet he also pauses to admire the rebuttal now offered by Mr. Holt. Here it is—a slashing and vigorous retort.

Says Mr. Holt before the Senate Committee: "No man can take an official oath of office until he is fully qualified to take that oath. No man can qualify as Governor of West Virginia as long as he is Senator from West Virginia. Before he is qualified to take the Governor's oath he must first divest himself completely of his Senatorship. Yet at 11:45 P.M., Mr. Neely, while still clinging to his Senate job, took a prospective oath for Governor."

"Mr. Neely is now caught in a dilemma. *One*: if he was then still a Senator, he was not qualified to take the oath as Governor; and so his oath was invalid. He assumed the Governorship only by his later oath some seconds after midnight. Hence my split-second appointment of Mr. Martin was valid. *Two*: if Mr. Neely's oath at 11:45 qualified him, he thereby forfeited his Senatorship—some fifteen minutes before he intended to. As a result, there arose a senate vacancy before midnight, and my previous appointment of Mr. Martin, 'to take effect whenever a vacancy should occur,' became effective. In either case, Mr. Martin is the Senator from West Virginia."

This paper, in an attempt to simplify the West Virginia case, has omitted other arguments pro and con. Nothing like it has ever before been presented to the Senate for decision, and its outcome will set a precedent for the future.



# RUGG'S BOOKS ARE BAD FOR KIDS

JOHN A. TOOMEY

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IN the face of far-flung criticism of his textbooks, which are widely used in the public schools, Dr. Rugg has published the *apologia pro vita sua*. The volume is entitled: *That Men May Understand*. (Doubleday, Doran and Company). Approximately fifteen years ago, the Rugg social-science textbooks began displacing the traditional courses in history, civics, geography, and combining these subjects with other topics in one multiple-facet course. They are designed for all classes, from the third grade to high school, and are now used in 5,000 public-school systems in every part of the land.

Dr. Rugg vigorously defends his textbooks. Revealing himself as a ninth-generation New Englander, he proclaims his adherence to "the historic American version of the democratic way of life," and remarks that "the American democratic outlook . . . differs sharply from the totalitarian—Communist, Nazi or Fascist—concept that the human being is a mere instrument of the state." The storm over his books, he maintains, rises from this problem: "What interpretation of 'the American way of life' is to guide the study of civilization in the schools?"

The interpretation of his opponents, he argues, "means competition without any regulation or control . . . old-fashioned *laissez faire*. . . . They want this system taught, and they would control the school and censor its books to see that it is taught." Dr. Rugg, on the other hand, manifestly desires his interpretation to be the one that percolates into the impressionable and uncritical mind of young America.

He has been very successful in imposing his personal views on ever increasing millions of boys and girls and this fact makes the question of the value or danger of his textbooks of far more importance than it would otherwise be.

According to Dr. Rugg's opponents, his interpretation of "the American way of life" is calculated to break down the old national loyalties and to beget a new generation innocent of any reverence for the Constitution. A generation which holds the Constitution in light regard would be an ideal one with which to effect abandonment of the Constitution and acceptance of some new social order. These opponents assert that Dr. Rugg is concerned not so much with educating young America as with indoctrinating it; that he is striving to build up a "new climate of opinion," to condition the minds of the students for their future acceptance of a "creeping collectivism."

Issued recently by the Guardians of American

Education was a booklet entitled: *Undermining Our Republic*. It says about the Rugg textbooks:

So subtly is the material prepared that the average adult can scan through it without being aware of its hidden subversive influence on the youthful mind. There are four steps in this indoctrination. First, the child is taught . . . to expect all institutions to be changed in the future, especially forms of government and social organization. Second, the student is shown . . . that our present situation in this country is very unsatisfactory and our system has worked badly. Third, the very beginnings of this nation and the founding of our present social economic organization are brought into question, together with the motives of the founders. Fourth, the coming era is placed within the student's vision. It is to be an era of Marxian Socialism, embroidered with technocracy . . . the receptive student is well converted by the Rugg system to support a demand for the kind of "social reconstruction" envisioned by Professor Rugg and his Frontier Thinkers.

The Guardians of American Education assert:

[The Rugg books constitute] an all-embracing propaganda system, with books for every grade up to the ninth, exercising the greatest influence ever known in the annals of public schools, molding the immature minds of our children. The operation of this system is simple and direct: In his *Pupil's Workbooks*, Professor Rugg poses leading questions and directs the child's thoughts into the channels he desires. In his textbooks, Rugg provides the "selected" materials from which the child must formulate answers to the questions, thus directing the child's conclusions. And through his *Teacher's Guides*, Rugg not only prescribes the answers to his own questions, but attempts to control also the thinking of the teacher. Thus from beginning to end this is the most perfect indoctrination machine ever inflicted on children in our public schools.

Dr. Rugg's *apologia* will not still the controversy. It fails to answer convincingly the general charge that the Rugg texts drip cold water on the patriotism of public-school youngsters.

If Dr. Rugg's books were written for a scholarly adult audience, capable of evaluating his interpretation, the controversy would not have arisen. The Rugg texts, however, are not for a discerning adult audience. They are for little boys and girls, with immature, impressionable minds, minds that have not yet developed a critical faculty and that are as easily formed by a school textbook as clay in the sculptor's hand. The budding minds cannot know it is only Dr. Rugg's personal interpretation of "the American way of life" they are getting. If they could distinguish that far, they would not be budding minds, and would have little or no need of school.

The Rugg books must be appraised with all this in view. The question to be answered is: Do they provide a suitable diet for growing minds? It is

difficult to see how the debunking references in the Rugg text to the Fathers of the Country and to the manner in which the Constitution was begotten can produce in the plastic intellects of the future voters anything but a low opinion of their nation's origin, traditions and organic political structure. Moreover, the glowing references to Soviet Russia, the emphasis on the dark portions of American life, the insistence on the "coming social change" would appear to be also highly questionable articles for the mental diet of growing America. Patriotic malnutrition would seem to be the inevitable effect of such a menu.

That the mental orientation of a writer of textbooks vitally influences his work, Dr. Rugg would not deny. In his volume, *The Great Technology*, he remarks:

As we look upon life, so we teach. What we believe, the loyalties to which we hold, subtly determine the content and the method of our teaching. Each of us has a "philosophy," whether or not he has thought it through and definitely phrased it. Everything we say and do as well as what we think reflects that philosophy.

The philosophy motivating the author of widely used public-school textbooks becomes of paramount significance. It is alarming, then, to encounter indications that Dr. Rugg does not see altogether eye to eye with the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. These two documents are based on the belief that there is a God and that this God has given all men inalienable rights. The documents assert that Government is instituted merely to secure these rights and that the Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

At Teachers College, Columbia University, Dr. Rugg conducts a course for teachers. A syllabus of the Rugg course reads:

In our day, however, social and ethical theory has repudiated the doctrine of natural rights and the absolute freedom based on them in favor of rights and freedom granted only as their consequences are seen to warrant it. . . . If rights are "natural" and inalienable, as the eighteenth century had it, then these can in their turn also be neither criticized nor changed. . . . We accordingly now think that rights and institutions and freedoms—all—derive their just authority from the way they work when tried.

As a statement of one's philosophy, nothing could be clearer. The doctrine of inalienable rights possessed by each individual is repudiated. Since the Declaration of Independence stands or falls on this doctrine, the document is eighteenth-century stuff and passé. Deprived of its soul, the Constitution becomes atrophied and vestigial.

This can only mean that Dr. Rugg does not believe in the basic principles of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution. A sort of "Believe It Or Not" paradox is thus set up. A man whose philosophy is at odds with the philosophy which brought the United States into being and made it great is now forming the minds of untold millions of young Americans. And the taxpayers, who believe in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, are paying for the job of casting doubt on their worth.

## SOCIAL SERVICE FOR COLLEGE GIRLS

SISTER MARY, I.H.M.

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THE place of the trained worker in our public and private charities is uncontested today. From the ranks of these trained workers will come, five or ten years hence, the administrative personnel in probably ninety or ninety-five per cent of all agencies. Regarded from the standpoint of the social well being of the Church in America, it is wise for the undergraduate college, therefore, to advise students who are planning to enter the field of social work, to look forward to a period of graduate study in a professional school (in one of the splendid Catholic Schools of Social Work, needless to say) as not merely a desirable but a necessary preparation for doing the greatest possible good in this field.

However, when this situation is duly acknowledged and provided for, there still remains the problem of directing undergraduates who, for reasons which we shall point out later, see no possibility of graduate study and yet who wish to do social work. What is the outlook for them? As these students form the greater number of those majoring in sociology in any undergraduate college, their guidance requires most careful and intelligent consideration.

As some persons interested in the professional standing of social work have put the question, a little impatiently: "If these young women are interested in social work why do they not see the necessity of graduate training if they are to get anywhere in the field, and go on with it?"

These persons erroneously assume two facts to be true: first, that there is no place in social work for the person with merely an undergraduate degree; second, that all young women can, if they will, add a two-year period of graduate training to their four years of college work.

As much as the profession of social work may dislike to acknowledge the fact, there are positions in this field which do not require graduate training. It is true that these positions are becoming more and more scarce in our highly organized private charities, especially in large communities. Here, as in other aspects of social work, the contribution of the private organization seems to be to blaze the trail in regard to what should be required in the matter of training for the professional social worker. The field of public social service, however, is far from being in a position to demand trained workers for the positions which new social legislation has opened. These are to be filled through some form of merit system, but the requirements for examination have of necessity been made to fit the personnel available.

A study of the training of persons engaged in the



public agencies of one State gave approximately these figures: five to ten per cent of the personnel have had some graduate training; about thirty per cent have college degrees; fifty to sixty per cent have high school diplomas with, for probably half of these, one or more years of college training; five to ten per cent have not finished high school. On the basis of these data, it is estimated that it will be at least twenty years before we can hope to have all social work positions in State agencies filled by persons having even a bachelor's degree, even if this would be considered desirable.

The point that I would make here is that there is a wide field of employment for the college graduate in the field of public social service even though she has no graduate training. Her advancement will probably be much more rapid, it is true, and certainly her contribution will be greater to the cause she serves, if she does have the advantage of such training. Yet the fact remains that there is a wide field open for the young woman who has only her bachelor's degree. Moreover, there is a wide field open in the rural areas for the young woman with one or two years of college training or even a high school diploma.

It is essential that the Catholic quota in these positions be filled to the full, for the sake of both the good to be done and the harm to be prevented. We must be very careful, in view of the actual needs in our communities, that we do not let our interest in the progress of professional social work make us shortsighted in directing the undergraduate student into a field in which she is needed and in which, too, a wide opportunity for Catholic Action awaits her.

Viewed from the standpoint of the young woman preparing to earn her living at work in which she is interested and in which, too, she can hope to find opportunity for placement upon leaving college, the field of public social service is, therefore, attractive. Usually this young woman has much to give to the work of her choice in terms of interest, initiative, intelligence and willingness to serve. She is probably the daughter of a family which has made great sacrifices to give her the advantage of a college education. Four years in college have represented to her family a considerable investment and on it they hope for a small financial return and a great moral and social one. Normally, this family does not expect, does not wish, its daughter to devote her life to a career. At most, it expects her to work from one to five years, after which she will marry or follow a religious vocation, if she is called to that state.

Considered from the standpoint of ultimate values, certainly, this view of the normal middle-class American family which sends its daughter to college is the most desirable one. To expect them to sacrifice and struggle to put a daughter through two further years of graduate training is surely asking a great deal. To ask this young woman to accept such a sacrifice from her family and add to it two years of time from her own life as well as two years of salary, is probably asking her to pay too great a price for professional training. For such

a girl, and she represents probably ninety per cent of the students interested in social work in the Catholic undergraduate college, practical training in service undoubtedly represents a more workable and rational plan for acquiring the equivalent of graduate training.

It is a fact that graduate schools and accrediting agencies of one type or another do put a great deal of pressure on the undergraduate college to make it imbue its students with the necessity of specialized training. Specialized training is a necessity in our highly specialized world, we must admit, if persons are to advance to the higher positions in practically all fields; but do we want to imbue most of our Catholic young women with the ideal of attaining to these specialized positions? Or is it the exceptional girl who should be directed to them? Do a professional career and success in a professional field represent the ultimate social value at the shrine of which even a minority of young college women should burn out the oil of their life's activity? Or is this not rather the vocation of the exceptional individual—the girl who for some reason beyond her own control, or from free choice, considers that she has a vocation to single blessedness.

We presume that all Catholics agree, in theory, that the greatest life of social service is in the cloister, the second greatest is in the home, and the third is in the world. For a particular girl it is true, the greatest life of service may be in the world. However, she is an exception and in the days of undergraduate study, it is well not to put too great emphasis, certainly not pressure, on the value of a career lest the ambition engendered interfere with a higher calling.

Even as we point this out, we are cognizant of the fact that many women who marry, later find themselves faced with the problem of earning a livelihood for themselves, for their children and sometimes for a sick husband. Such exigencies can be pointed out to the young woman as an added security resulting from professional training over and above immediate professional gain and lifelong educational value. It should not, however, be made a pressure device to induce young women to do that which is apparently not for their ultimate welfare.

The college graduate usually wants and needs employment immediately after graduation. The field of public social service is much in need of properly qualified college graduates. To all who have eyes to see, one of the most fruitful fields of Catholic Action is this same field of public social service. Are the departments of sociology and the vocational advisers in the Catholic undergraduate colleges sufficiently aware of this opportunity for their students.

To this we need only add the great stress our late Holy Father, Pius XI, laid on the necessity of the study of the social sciences in our day, and the earnestness with which he urged colleges to promote this study and to encourage their students to persevere in following this profession with its tremendous opportunity for good.

# FORTY BIBLICAL SCHOLARS PRESENT A NEW NEW TESTAMENT

WILLIAM J. McGARRY, S.J.

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THERE is no doubt that our text of the New Testament, as it appeared in the work of the Douai translators and later in the revision of Challoner, was obscure in many places. All felt that a certain modernization of the translation was required for our better understanding of the Divine revelation. But the work of editing the four Gospels, the Acts and Letters of the Apostles, and the Apocalypse of Saint John was not a task which could be accomplished in a day or a year.

The Catholics of America may now give welcome to the *New Translation of the New Testament*. Sunday, May 18, is set aside as *Biblical Sunday* for the celebration of this magnificent achievement. Our gratitude is to be practical. We are urged to order our copy at the offices of the National New Testament Committee of the Holy Name Society, 141 East 65 Street, New York City. For, as the Epistle of May 18 says, we are to be both doers and readers of the Word.

In the new translation we have the fine fruit of five years' work on the part of some forty American biblical scholars. On this day we pay them our tribute of congratulation as well as that of gratitude. Indeed, we may say that it is a proud day for ourselves, for we have visible proof of the scholarship and competency of the professors who train our priests and live their quiet, hidden lives of research and hard study in our seminaries.

I do not name the men who make up the board of editors. There are very few of them whom you would recognize. But I have had the privilege of knowing many of them, and the more intimate friendship of some of them with whom I studied Sacred Scripture in the Pontifical Biblical Institute in Rome. I know their worth and erudition. On this board are members of the secular clergy and of Religious Orders; there are old men and young men; there are church dignitaries and there are three zealous Bishops who head the committee. The new translation is worthy of the men who have produced it; they are America's finest scholars, and, to their competence, they add their zeal for the Word of God.

During a period of five years this translation has gone through some ten revisions. For these scholars have not been satisfied with their first efforts. The turn of a phrase which has been the fruit of an hour's work has later been excluded by a better thought of the man who worked; or it has been crossed out by the hand of the revisor to

whom the copy was sent. This work was, therefore, a work of extreme humility. Each turn of the text was submitted to the keen criticism of others; each phrase and word has been hammered and hammered upon an anvil. And thus, the new Gospels come to us with all the authority of scholarship plus all the refinement of humble, scholarly criticism.

There are changes, then, and some of them will sound strange in our ears for a while. There are some changes which we will not like. But I do not think that these will be many. I have seen numerous pages of the new work. It has two characteristics: clarity and fidelity. Fidelity is imposed, for the official text which is read in our pulpits must be the age-old Vulgate of Saint Jerome which is so fine a replica of the original New Testament. Clarity is difficult to achieve, and because clarity plus fidelity made so hard a task, we can thank God that scholars have been set to work, and thank Him, too, that they have done so well.

Let me illustrate briefly from the story of the anointing at Bethany, (John, xii, 1-3). Our Douai texts reads:

Jesus, therefore, six days before the pasch came to Bethania, where Lazarus had been dead, whom Jesus raised to life. And they made him a supper there: and Martha served; but Lazarus was one of them that were at table with him. Mary therefore took a pound of ointment of right spikenard, of great price, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair; and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment.

In the new translation this reads:

Jesus, therefore, six days before the Passover, came to Bethany where Lazarus, whom Jesus had raised to life, had died. And they made him a supper there; and Martha served, while Lazarus was one of those reclining at table with him. Mary therefore took a pound of ointment, genuine nard of great value, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and with her hair wiped his feet dry; and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment.

Will some critic call out at these *ands*, even though the fine narrative style of the new copy is a clear gain over the old translation? I have heard one do so already. This charge should not be made. For fidelity to the translation which Saint Jerome made from the original is imposed. Saint Jerome kept the repeated copulative particle of the Semitic style of expression even in his Latin work. This was because the authors of the New Testament followed the mold of their own Jewish thought



and expression and wrote *and . . . and . . . and*, even in their Greek. Do you say it is not *English* form? Neither is it Latin or Greek; but the important thing is that it is what *John and Luke and Matthew and Mark wrote*. And it is good to have the reminder that they did write it.

I think that the friendly criticism of the one who objected to the *and's* is only a little example of what may occur when the new New Testament is in the hands of all. For this reason, emphasis has been laid here on the scholarship and care with which the new work has been prepared. It is not to be expected that everyone will agree that there is the exact mirror of the original in every word. Every translation is a first interpretation, and there is always a certain leeway of choice. We have the grateful advantage of those who know that what is read is always the choice of authoritative scholars, and the authority of a few is not of great count against the weight of their erudition.

It seems that the story of the first revision may be repeated when the new copies come into the hands of the critics. Saint Jerome has written a letter which, it seems, the revisors would be ready to sign too. When Saint Jerome finished the revision of the Latin Gospels at the request of Pope Saint Damasus, about the year 385, he sent on the work from Bethlehem to Rome with a covering letter. Now Jerome was under no delusion about the task to which the Pope had appointed him.

You ask me to be an arbiter . . . and where copies vary, I am to say which ones best represent the Greek originals! Indeed (he goes on) the task is a holy work, but it is a presumptuous one—to ask a world that knows the Gospels by heart to go back to the kindergarten and learn its syllables over again.

For what learned man—and doltish lad too—once he has my translation in his hands and discovers that henceforth his saliva must run differently to form unaccustomed syllables, will not shout out that I am a falsifier, and a sacrilegious one, to dare to add, change, or correct anything in these revered books? Against such envy two reasons comfort and console me. These are the fact that the work is done at the command of the Church and that truth and accuracy are their own defense.

Both these reasons are also the comfort of our scholars who have labored so well.

Indeed, it is probable that while some will disagree with the new version, they will not go the length of rioting. Yet that is what happened at least in one instance when Jerome's new work was read in a church in Africa. Saint Augustine tells the story in a letter to Saint Jerome. The bishop of an African town was reading to his flock the book of Jonah out of the new translation of Saint Jerome. In the fourth chapter he read that God grew an *ivy vine* over the prophet to shade him from the sun; for Saint Jerome wrote *ivy*. The Greek versions had *cucumber vine*—and those present who knew the old version plumped—and rioted—for the *cucumber* against the innovation of Jerome's *ivy*. Would to God that our people knew the Holy Scriptures so well and were so zealous for their accuracy that they would be thus stirred over them!

Now with this new version of the New Testa-

ment we ought to begin a new era in our American Catholic life. True, we need to keep the copies of our old Bibles, for as yet the American scholars have barely begun the task of revising the Old Testament. That will be a longer work, and it will not be surprising if another decade passes before we will have the complete American Catholic Bible. But the more important work of doing the New Testament has been finished, and we have in our hands the story of Christ and the fountain of life-giving grace is open for us.

We have not entirely cleared ourselves of the charge that we read the Bible too little. Of course it is only ignorant calumny which accuses the Church of keeping the Bible from the Faithful. Holy Mother Church has been the guardian and distributor of the Holy Scriptures from the beginning of the Christian era, and she has no fear that heresy is the result of reading the sacred pages. Where we do not understand, we ask. And would to God all those who have read and misunderstood in the last four hundred years had had the elementary common sense to ask about the obscure places in a very difficult book to know! We have no fear, for in the Book of books there is instruction for our minds and the oil and ointment of devotion for our souls.

This new translation was the result of a necessity which arose when catechetical groups under the leadership of our Bishops began making a study of our Lord's life in the Bible. In our old texts, there were hundreds of needless obscurities—at least obscurities now, after four centuries of change in our language; there were hundreds of archaisms and turns of thought which are outmoded. All these have been cleared away, and whether all will agree or not with the way in which the work is done, there is none who can deny that substantial accuracy and the grace of clarity are the marks of the new work.

God has blessed us indeed. His word now comes to America in the way in which Americans phrase their thoughts. The version is faithful, it is clear, it is dignified. It is placed in our hands—to love, to admire, to follow, to enjoy, to be a code and companion of life here, and a *vade-mecum* under the aegis of the Church to life beyond.

In the Epistle for Biblical Sunday, the fifth after Easter, we read from Saint James' letter:

If a man be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he shall be compared to a man beholding his own countenance in a glass, for he beheld himself, and went his way, and presently forgot what manner of man he was.

The Word of God portrays for us the outlines of our ideal image as Catholics, for in the Gospels we see the lineaments of Christ. In the resurrection even our bodies will be shaped after the fashion of His glory; on earth we seek to have His image in our souls. The Gospels have His words and deeds; our new Gospels have them more plainly told than before, and so the chart and blue-print of our lives are clearer. Permit me to accommodate what the Master says in the Gospel of Biblical Sunday. "His disciples say to him: Behold now thou speakest plainly." (John, xvi, 29)

## THE COMMON MAN'S MORALE

AS defense tightens its grip on the national life, discussions grow more intense concerning the maintenance of morale. Shall morale be cultivated, or can we leave it, as suggested by Prof. Gordon W. Allport, of Harvard, to the instincts of the "common man"? "Morale, American style," says Dr. Allport, "has everywhere an ally in the common man."

There is no great need for any mystification in the matter of morale. The "common man" can be relied upon to display it abundantly in time of trouble. He will shame those who consider themselves above the run of common mortals, provided he can see his way clear upon certain essential things which affect the life of every reasonable citizen. If these things are taken care of, morale will take care of itself without our worrying over it; just as appetite will look after itself if you keep young people healthy and give them proper food.

The first condition for national morale is that the ordinary citizen see clearly, without confusion or evasion, just where the forces that govern the country are taking him. Morale is proverbially high in the day time, low in the dark. If there is uncertainty in the morale of millions of our citizens at the present moment, it is because millions are thoroughly perplexed as to where we are headed.

The second condition required for the maintenance of the common man's proverbial morale is that there shall be no confusion or evasion in the matter of equal and universal justice. Millions of men and women in this country would gladly live upon the land and cultivate it by the labor of their hands; but they are deprived of the opportunity of doing so by an economic policy based upon the interests of the few and not of the many. Other American citizens, as was pointed out in a responsible public statement recently released to the press, find their way barred to participation even in the work of national defense itself, because of artificial barriers whose existence is an affront to the nation's unity at home and reputation abroad.

In the third place, if there is morale, there must be morals. In the darkest hours, under the fiercest strain, the common man can and will maintain his courage if moral standards are still respected: if God's Name is honored, if personal purity is cherished, if the Commandments still loom up as landmarks in a dissolving and crumbling world. *Il faut que Chrétienté se fasse*: "Christianity must be fulfilled" was the cry of Saint Joan of Arc.

There is no magic elixir in this continent, any more than in any other, to breathe morale into its inhabitants. Those qualities that have made the nation weather its storms in the past, and will sustain it through worse storms in the future, are derived from laws as ancient as the Flood and as universal as the earth's surface. If these laws are ignored, if the people's trust is exploited and gambled with, if opportunity for good human living is wilfully denied, if conscience is forgotten, all the world's specialists cannot prevent demoralization.

## DEMOCRACY

INADVERTENTLY, but truthfully, a Government official remarked some months ago that, as war approaches, we throw money away. We have already thrown money away on many of our army camps, one of them having cost four times the seven millions appropriated for its construction, and other Federal building expenditures have been equally lavish. Meanwhile Congress retains a fondness for the old boondoggling days, and is reluctant to cut civilian expenditures. One good method of finding money for necessary purposes is to refuse to spend money on projects that are unnecessary.

## CHOOSING WITHOUT

HISTORY teaches us that the most momentous decisions are frequently taken when minds are least prepared for calm and objective discussion. The experience is a depressing lesson in human weakness. When matters affecting the lives of millions of citizens are thrown into the arena of violent, partisan debate there is a serious result. The real, practical issue is lost, which is not the question of what will happen here and now, but what will be, what logically must be, the ultimate consequence of the course decided upon.

What the final consequence of our opponent's decision will be, is fairly plain to our eyes; but very few are willing to face the complete working out of their own proposal.

Yet precisely on that point the debate hinges, on that ground the decision should honestly be made.

If this were recognized, at least some semblance of order and clarity would be brought into the dispute.

When the Lend-Lease bill was passed, we burned our bridges in the matter of withholding active aid to Britain and the correlative matter of formal hostility to Hitler.

We are at war as a result of that enactment; an undeclared war, but we are belligerents none the less. Many believe that if that bridge had been retained—the bridge of American neutrality—it would have led to a surer safeguarding of liberty and a more certain defeat of Hitler and totalitarianism than any aid to Britain could possibly accomplish. But the bridge no



## AT HOME

UNDOUBTEDLY the best way we can fight for democracy everywhere is to fight for democracy at home. If we wish to extend to foreign countries our fight for democracy, the best possible way is to send food to the starving countries in Europe. Recent reports from Poland, Holland and Belgium, disclose the dreadful picture of millions of undernourished men, women and children, all non-combatants, and a frightful mortality rate for newborn infants. We can help these people by feeding them, and if we refuse this aid, Europe will soon become a vast ward of dying nations.

## WITH OUR EYES OPEN

longer stands, and there is little use in speculating about it.

The choice now is no longer about aid to Britain; it is no longer the question whether we are for or against Hitler and Mussolini or for or against the freedom of the small democracies. Our decision turns today simply upon the choice of two ultimate consequences of whatever course is selected. Do we consent to send our American boys to die upon the battlefields of Europe and the Near East, if and when occasion call for it? Or, refusing that, do we agree to let Hitler come across the ocean, plant his bases on our hemisphere, and attempt to bomb America's cities on this side of the water? Which of these two will pay the least toll in blood, calamity and danger of a crushing and ultimate defeat?

This is the choice that the Lend-Lease Bill has laid before us. If our minds are made up as to which of these is the worst alternative all other matters can be judged in that light. It is also the choice none of the protagonists in the present epochal debate is willing to lay before us. They are willing to present at great length the implications of their opponent's view, but not to reveal the full consequences of their own.

Let the whole American people frankly consider these possibilities; let them have full opportunity to reach their own decision. When that decision is reached, let them carry it out with the fiercest endeavor to see that neither of these horrible alternatives shall ever become a certainty.

## IS LINDBERGH WRONG?

MANY Americans indignantly reject Lindbergh's conviction that Great Britain has already lost the war, and that any aid the United States could give will come too late. How many agree with Lindbergh, cannot be stated with any accuracy, but it is fairly clear that he has thousands of followers. Moreover, all available reviews of public opinion show that the American people still rely on President Roosevelt's campaign promise that no American soldier will be sent to Europe's war.

Because of the stir which Lindbergh's speeches have occasioned, a statement, issued on May 5 by seventeen American military and naval experts deserves careful consideration. It is the first criticism of Lindbergh's views which is not sheer innuendo and "smear." These experts, five of whom have held high rank in the army or navy, assert that Mr. Lindbergh's conclusions are not supported by evidence. They point out that the British navy has cut Germany off from all access to war materials in the non-European countries, that Germany's industrial plants are open to British bombardment, and that while Germany has reached her peak of productivity, Great Britain and the United States are steadily growing in power to build ships, air-craft, and motorized units. Germany cannot, therefore, maintain her present superiority in the field and in the air, and must henceforth steadily decline.

It is a trifle obvious that this statement is a not too well camouflaged piece of propaganda intended to bring the United States nearer to a declaration of war against Germany. No American would dream of contesting the right of these officers to form opinions, or their right to give these all possible publicity in the press and over the radio. Suppression of honest opinion may be left to those factions now intent upon denying the right of free speech to American citizens who believe that we have no moral justification for going to war. But when experts disagree, the laity can do nothing better than to examine their views carefully, and try to square them with known facts.

In his St. Louis address on May 3, most inadequately reported in the press, Mr. Lindbergh asserted that this country is at present wholly unprepared to build planes, even moderately effective in warfare, and that it would not be prepared for some years. The signers of the statement on May 5 had this declaration in mind. Clearly, it is of the very highest importance in its bearing upon our defense program, for if we are thus unprepared, the country should not be kept in ignorance of the fact. But do the signers answer it satisfactorily? The only answer that we can find appears in the following paragraph.

If there is any people in the world who can and ought to surpass all others in the science of mechanized warfare, it is the people of the United States. We are literally a nation on wheels, a people who live with and by machines. If we so will, we can produce for Britain and for ourselves motorized and armored equipment which will be superior to

any thus far utilized in the war. We could begin with aircraft, the possibilities of which are as yet only partially realized, and proceed with other weapons.

It will be at once noted that this paragraph does not state what this country is actually doing in the manufacture of aircraft and motorized equipment. It merely states what the American people "can and ought" to do. It suggests that "we could begin with aircraft," and after this "proceed with other weapons." With this, we are sure that Mr. Lindbergh will agree. Even a layman, with his limited knowledge, is justified in saying that "we can and ought" to do better than we have been doing up to now.

Before going to war, it is well to find out what we have in the way of aircraft, ships, motorized equipment, and other war-gear, which is at all comparable with what Germany now has in abundance. It is equally important to know, if we find that we lack proper equipment, how soon the deficiency can be made up. Germany's war-machine is the result of work for six years, seven days per week, twenty-four hours per day. It may be that what Germany could do only after six years, we can do in six months. But before declaring war, it would be well to have some certainty on this point.

Whether Mr. Lindbergh is right and his critics wrong is a topic that should be fully discussed. That is why we greet the statement of May 5 with pleasure. We are not conducting a high-school debate. Upon our decision, after full discussion, the future of this country will depend. It will not do to conclude that no nation can stand up against our power, and then suppress Mr. Lindbergh and his followers. He and they may possibly be right, when they insist that we are totally unprepared for war.

## PAMPERING COMMUNISM

IT is not our custom to comment on affairs of purely local concern. It will occasionally be found, however, that matters which have their origin in New York are of national importance. One of these is the investigation by the city of New York of Communism in the public schools and colleges.

The committee in charge of this investigation has worked steadily, and to good purpose. It has roused the public, not only in the city, but throughout the country, to the fact that our public schools can be made the breeding ground of movements to destroy American ideals in government. Unfortunately, by vetoing an appropriation which would have permitted the committee to finish its work, the Governor has served notice that this attempt to keep Communism out of the minds and hearts of young people, does not merit his approbation.

It would be absurd to suppose that the Governor is following the Communist party line. But it is permissible to think that the veto will be received with pleasure by Communists who throughout this country are boring into the schools. A belated, but most promising, attempt to keep Communism out of the schools has been hampered, perhaps destroyed, by the Governor of New York.

## WHAT WE MOST NEED

WE are assured by masters in the spiritual life that it is better to practise humility than to argue about what humility means. In the same way, it is more profitable to know how to pray than to be able to write a learned book about the nature of prayer. But these very masters have themselves given us definitions or descriptions of prayer which are very useful in helping us to learn how to pray. Thus the great Augustine has written that prayer is "the soul's affectionate quest of God," and Saint Gregory of Nyssa, that it is "familiar conversation with God." Both definitions stress the elements of simple love of God and confidence in Him, that are found in all true prayer.

Saint John Damascene comes nearer to the definition that has been very common since the time of that very practical Saint, Ignatius Loyola. Saint John teaches that prayer is "the elevation of the soul to God." This definition emphasizes our part in prayer by describing it as an act of the will, cooperating with Divine grace. By this prayer, possible to all of us, we raise ourselves above the limitations of sense to fix our minds and our hearts upon God. In prayer, we talk to God, as a child to his mother, as a friend to a friend; by prayer, we worship God, we glorify God, we praise God, and ask Him to give us, His children, all that we need to keep ourselves ever in conformity with His Holy Will.

Prayer, then, can take many different forms. It can be expressed in words, or it can be borne to God by the unspoken aspiration of our souls. It can be a prayer by which, silent in His presence, we worship and glorify Him, or a prayer by which we put our needs before Him, and beg Him to help us. In the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint John, xvi, 23-30) Our Lord speaks of this latter prayer, commonly called the prayer of petition. "If you ask the Father anything in my name, He will give it you." There is no limitation upon this promise, made by an infinitely truthful and loving Saviour, and in days when fears oppress the soul, we should find in it strength and consolation. We are as little children wandering in the night, weary, frightened children who have lost their way, and fear they can never find the path back to the shelter of protecting love that they call home. Surely, surely, we must never forget that one sincere cry to God for His help will bring Him close to us. He is our loving Father, Who has solicitude for the least of His children, and He will not fail us.

But in our prayers of petition, do we not sometimes forget to ask Our Lord for the very things of which we stand in sorest need? We trouble ourselves about what we shall eat, and wherewith we shall be clothed, and too often think nothing of the greater needs of this poor soul of ours. It is sadly lacking in Faith, in Hope, in Charity, in humility; it is poor and naked in God's sight. Well is it to turn to God in simple child-like confidence in our temporal necessities, but better is it to beg Him for these heavenly graces which are food and raiment for our poor souls.



# CORRESPONDENCE

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## THE LAST SCREEN PRIEST

EDITOR: The import of your comment that our motion-picture studios have proscribed the Roman collar in future productions is extremely regrettable, particularly at a time when we are most anxious to improve our relations with the Latin-American countries.

It should be evident to our motion-picture producers that every concession to local anti-Catholic prejudice is taken cognizance of in South America wherewith to appraise the sincerity of our protestations of good neighborliness in our relations with them.

San Francisco, Calif. JOHN F. QUINLAN, M.D

## CATHOLIC LITERATURE

EDITOR: Periodically during the last few years a certain writer has left, in both Catholic and secular reviews, a trail of complaints regarding the support of Catholic letters. Since her last effort in this vein appeared in *AMERICA*, may I state in *AMERICA* why I disagree with her?

It is a disagreement partly with the complaint itself, but more with the defeatist attitude toward it. For there would be no Catholic literature at all if those who now write it, edit it, publish it, review it and retail it were instead to devote their time to lamenting its limited circulation. Nor can you make one want a thing very badly by telling him no one else wants it. You make him want it by helping him learn how much better off he will be with it.

Catholic literature today enjoys one of its most glorious periods. A future age will remember with holy envy this era of Chesterton, Maritain, Pastor, Gemelli, Lunn, Sargent, Sturzo, Belloc, Gilson, Undset, Mauriac, Noyes, Knox, Ghéon, Dawson, Toth, Claudel, Sister Madeleva, McNabb, Hollis, Guardini, Allers, Prohaska, Sheen, Kilmer, Marmion, Repplier and a hundred more stars in the firmament of Catholic literature.

But not only do those engaged in the various phases of the field of Catholic literature realize that it does not circulate as widely as it should, but that is one of the reasons why they remain in it. For they so write, they so edit, they so review, they so publish, they so retail Catholic literature that it may become more adequately appreciated and thus more widely disseminated. If that were not true, they would turn their talents to the more lucrative secular field.

Catholic literature is a vocation. A vocation whose truth calls for sincerity, whose nobility calls for loyalty, whose beauty calls for devotion, whose adventure calls for courage. Because those engaged in it possess these qualities, Catholic literature is great. And as their enthusiasm for Catholic letters

spreads, accordingly will Catholic letters spread. Catholic literature is stimulated not by disparagement but by encouragement.

Detroit, Mich.

WALTER ROMIG

## CRUEL INNUENDO

EDITOR: We who read *AMERICA* regularly expect something better, better than that which we can read in the modern daily press, better than we can find in the sensational magazines of the day, and better than such drivel as *How to Get Rich: Ten Rules for Ten Dollars a Month Men* (*AMERICA*, April 12).

Now that you have enlightened us upon the methods of violating the public trust through the mouth of one who "protesteth too much," would it not be logical and proper for you to let us have an essay upon the subject of "How to Get Some Fun Out of Life: Ten Rules for the Good Social Life"?

Just a neat little essay by some other holier than thou on the seven deadly sins? Or "How to Violate Private Trusts" with the bankers as the stars? . . .

These could, of course be ironical, as the First Ward Councilman tried to be. It would be fun to dabble in the muck, especially when we are sure we would not get dirty.

Sure there is graft and petty thievery aplenty, and there is big-time crime, and there are sex orgies, too; but if *AMERICA* is now assuming the role heretofore charged to proscribed movies and literature, why not abandon any former policy of exalting ideals and get right down in the gutter and then strive to climb up with the rest?

If we are to remain your readers let us have some more snappy earthworm stories. After all, ideals do seem far away today and so hard to grip.

No, I did not like the insinuating article in your issue of April 12. There are many conservative, honest, upright, trustworthy public officials today. There are many conscientious, honest, upright, trustworthy district and city attorneys today. They, at least, deserve no cruel innuendoes. . . .

Ridgefield Park, N. J. FRANK A. MORRISON

## ANALOGIES

EDITOR: Mr. Henry V. Moran (*AMERICA*, May 3) draws an interesting analogy between the position of nineteenth-century Irish Americans and the position of twentieth-century Negro Americans. However, I can think of two analogies which seem to me more nearly true: (1) the present position of unwilling Polish laborers in Germany who can look forward to no better social or economic status within that State; (2) the position of Saint Patrick in the thirty years before 433 A.D. . . .

Cambridge, Mass.

MARSHALL SMELSER

# LITERATURE AND ARTS

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## SHAW'S "PREFACES WIRED FOR SOUND"

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

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BESIDES being an event for theatrical antiquarians, Katharine Cornell's revival of *The Doctor's Dilemma* recalls the fact that the work of the most influential playwright of the last generation is ready for final evaluation. Such a criticism might have appeared at any time since the production of *The Apple Cart* in 1929 without doing Shaw any injustice, since his later plays have won him only reverent kindness from the critics of long memory and reproaches of senility from the far more radical geniuses of the moment.

Newspapers are said to have a corps of people who may be called upon for comment on anything under the sun. Mr. Shaw has been for years a member of this garrulous fraternity, making promiscuous pronouncements on war, Irish politics, religion and the romantic rights of kings at the bidding of sensation-seeking editors. But if once his outrageous iconoclasm provoked extravagant praise and equally extravagant protest, now they sound like the mutterings of a suburban prophet. When there is nothing to be said, he is invariably asked to say it, since, from long practice, he says it so much better than anyone else. To outlive one's fame is tragic, but it is merely vulgar to survive notoriety.

The facts of Shaw's life before his footlight career explain his persistent championship of the wrong. Shortly after arriving in London from an Irish Protestant home for which he had small respect, he associated himself with Fabian Socialism, and became friendly with such rare spirits as William Morris and Sydney Webb. He struck a hasty banner against capitalism, philistinism and science, and struggled with a sterile rationalism. "I had no taste," he boasts, in one of his ineluctable prefaces, "for what is called popular art, no respect for popular morality, no belief in popular religion, no admiration for popular heroics." As an art critic, he defended Impressionism because it was under siege on all sides; writing for several radical publications on music, he took up the cudgels for Wagner when everyone else said Wagner was a barbarian. And when the conservative critics of drama were hurling all those fantastic epithets at Ibsen, which William Archer later collected into a *Schimpflexikon*, Shaw proclaimed that the Old Man of the North had smashed up the British drama of

the '80's for good. His particular interest in the theatre began with his appearances as critic in Frank Harris' *Saturday Review*, which were productive of most of his best writing.

Shaw was not naturally inclined to the dramatic form himself; the discipline of playwriting repelled him. Only the exigencies of Jacob Grein's Independent Theatre, which had Shaw's momentary blessing, induced him to finish an abandoned play, begun in collaboration with William Archer. Grein's theatre, an imitation of André Antoine's pioneer Théâtre-libre in Paris, required native plays which would be intellectual and revolutionary. Filling the demand on at least one count, *Widower's Houses* appeared there in 1892. The best comment on the occasion is Shaw's: "I had not achieved a success; but I had provoked an uproar." That, judging Shaw's temperament, is a fine distinction. A second "unpleasant" play was brought out, *The Philanderer*, which proved a strident lecture on everything from neurasthenia to the New Woman. But *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, written next, did not appear until 1902, and then in private performance. Shaw considered this play "on a social subject of tremendous force . . . everything the Independent Theatre could desire." The one difficulty was that the Independent Theatre did not desire it.

This play, crammed with invective and personal abuse and platform oratory, exhibits the author's impossible extenuation of Ibsen's method. In the matter of characterization, Shaw employs puppets rather than people. Ibsen's attempts to get closer to reality by lifelike characters sometimes produced strange figures, like Hedda Gabler or Rebecca West, but Shaw's characters do not portray life, they discuss it, and usually with an impossible complexity and superficial brilliance.

And when Grein protested that Shaw, in *Mrs. Warren*, had invented with ingenuity and surrounded his play with improbabilities, he lodged a just criticism against not one play but most. Shaw's plays are, in point of structure, either amorphous or modelled on the "well-made play" of Scribe and Sardou, for which he expresses such contempt in his critical writing. It is amusing to find him, therefore, blasting away with a critical left hand at "Sardoodledom" and, with a creative right, using the method in extreme form. Ibsen



was acute enough to base his revolutionary themes on the workmanlike structure of Augier, who was a more serious and intellectual edition of Scribe. But Shaw, unconscious of the dilemma which forced him to be both a Scribe and a pharisee, condemned the name and enjoyed the game.

His method, so radically different from the "cup-and-saucer" drama of Sardou who kept his plots onstage by telegrams, is first to invent the thesis of the piece and then doggedly to keep it within earshot by the pronouncements of the characters, who speak whether it is logical or not, and talk about the good points of the thesis or the bad points of the opposition. When the conversation lags, action is pressed into service. One critic observes drily that "the conversation would be perfectly dazzling if there were only occasional flashes of silence."

Shaw's first three plays were derivative from Ibsen and the Free Theatre Movement, but *Candida* marks the end of his captivity by the Norwegian. Its resolution of a triangle, with Candida, the Ibsen Girl of the Nineties, at its apex and her Christian Socialist husband and a poet at her feet, is conventional in that she decides in favor of her husband; but her reasons are far from conventional. She chooses Morrell simply because he has more need of her. Thus Candida makes the choice for which Ibsen's Nora had asserted her independence. She is a wife on her own terms. That the idea was dramatically new is historical; that it was unsound beyond the portals of the theatre may be suspected from the number and quality of those modern daughters of Nora who, by an oversimplification of marriage as an unrestricted choice, are kept in "a permanent state of temporary honesty" by way of Reno.

The fashion of the amoral superman, out of Nietzsche, is next exploited in such works as *The Man of Destiny*, *The Devil's Disciple* and *Caesar and Cleopatra*. Shaw's vitalism, which was a reaction against blind mechanism, took the form of a nebulous Life Force working out in an odd assortment of characters, from emperors to bandits. As an intellectual vogue, the cult of the Nietzschean ethic of might makes right and the superman was all very well for exhibitionists attempting to overcome a *fin de siècle* debility; but today, in practice, it has lost its smartness and only its grim reality, working out in individual and mass tragedies, remains.

A new and grotesque influence was added to Nietzsche's from 1903 on, and Samuel Butler's anti-scientific complex finds voluble expression in both plays and prefaces. *Man and Superman* opposes "natural selection" with Shaw's own theory of "divine consciousness" implemented by eugenics. The evolution of the superman is to be achieved, to put it crudely, by sending humanity to stud. To speak of the work as a drama is to stretch a definition beyond sense, and the third act, which is unactable, is simply a symposium on selective breeding. It is an instance of the absurd extreme of anti-Victorianism.

Shaw's representative on Broadway at the mo-

ment, *The Doctor's Dilemma*, is fortified with characters which "escape from under his pen" to a degree surpassed only by *Saint Joan*, and thus they have slightly more validity than usual. But the lecture content is not diminished. The superman in this instance is the artist, and the antagonists are the physicians armed with their voodoo arts of vaccination, surgery, antiseptics and vivisection. In a review of Henry Arthur Jones's *The Physicians*, Shaw baldly indicated his opinion of medicine by comparing the doctor's "superstitions" to those of an African witch-finder, or Sioux medicine-man. Now, in a less picturesque character than Shaw, this sort of reactionary foolishness would be derided, but, enveloped by airy references to Schopenhauer's World-as-Will and "Divine consciousness," an irrational distrust of progress becomes a sign of advancement. Shaw's own vitality is due, not to any *élan vital*, but to the fact that he has always lived on the simple plan of an Indian fakir. There is a kind of happy hypocrisy in his writing like Pan and living like Prunella.

The Shavian vitalism appears in *Back to Methuselah* as "creative evolution," as opposed to Darwinism, and the play marks the break-up of his half-hearted discipline. He never did master the dramatic form but on occasion he managed to bludgeon it into secondary importance. As for its thought content, it reveals the author for what he is, a Cassandra without a message. *Saint Joan*, reverting momentarily to a true dramatic form, the historical-chronicle play, limits its interest in the Life Force to a supposed demonstration of it in Joan of Arc. The play has theatrical possibilities, as Miss Cornell has proved, which do not arise from the author's interpretation of the Saint.

There have been many tentative summations of Shaw's place in the dramatic revival of the 1880's, but that was fixed best by the "incomparable Max" Beerbohm, who remarked that "George Bernard Shaw would be a great dramatist if only he wrote plays." William Archer, a lifelong friend and an astute critic, classified him as "a dealer in personified ideas." Most of those ideas are now hopelessly dated, or gone altogether. The measure of truth found in Shaw can be found even in the despised Shakespeare. And even while crediting Shaw with a continuation of the revolution in dialog begun remotely by Tom Robertson and advanced by Pinero and H. A. Jones, a partisan critic is forced to admit the "real aridity of his plot invention."

Contrary to general opinion, Shaw was not an original thinker, merely an original borrower. He was first Ibsen's bulldog, then Nietzsche's, then Butler's. And those ideas he popularized by way of the theatre are most often rejected by common sense. No one has bettered Chesterton's sly comment of many years ago on the Religion of the Superman. "If man," he wrote in *Heretics*, "as we know him, is incapable of the philosophy of progress, Mr. Shaw asks not for a new kind of philosophy, but for a new kind of man." Mr. Shaw has not yet found his new kind of man but he is apparently holding fast to the same old philosophy.

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## ON THE REPORTED NEW OUTBREAK OF CHRISTIANITY

Here's Christianity again!  
And vouched for by the foremost men!  
That comical, gimcrack, haunted roost,  
Where even a child could scare the ghost,  
Now haunted by the truly great,  
Booming like oil and armor-plate!  
(The poor are always two years late).

Where have we come? And isn't this  
Reaction? Back to Genesis?  
What can we trust, who saw it plain  
That Abel's spite invented Cain,

And cheered the laboratory table  
Where nitrogen disposed of Abel?  
Revise we must; somehow unlearn  
The factual bent, the liberal turn.  
Farewell the run-down universe  
(O splendid dream) for good or worse!  
Behold who come to Christianize

With one-armed texts and homilies:  
The reconditioned Atheist,  
The second-sighted Bigamist,  
The royally bred Adulteress,  
The never really doubting Press,  
The Sceptic, cleansed of all his grief,  
The Banker, radiant with belief,  
The Gun-maker and the Second Thief!

O hark the strong regenerate choir,  
Tangled these years amidst the briar,  
They'll kill with prayer, who never prayed  
Before the all-murdering guns were laid,  
And cheer on to a rich increase  
The inheritors of Final Peace.  
Swift now, and rush to Grace ahead!  
Sweet mystery of the anointing lead!  
Salute our Phoenix, from the dead!

J. H. McCABE

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## PRESCIENCE

Unquiet heart, let me sleep.  
What boots it that the moon rides high,  
That pale clouds move across a sable sky,  
And the night is deep?  
There have been high-riding moons before,  
And pale clouds will drift forevermore.  
These things will keep.

What boots it?  
Why, beneath this sky,  
This same vault, moon-ridden, high,  
There is another heart.  
Hearts do not keep.

ALICE FRASER

## IMPROVISATION FROM SAPPHO

*Why, lovely swallow, daughter of Pandion, [weary] me?*

O swallow  
Dwelling under the eaves,  
Troublest thou me  
With a dream of spring?  
On the fig-tree now  
Are the first green leaves,  
In the depth of my blood  
Is the spring begun  
As I mark thy flight  
In the light of the sun  
And the shifting shadow  
The wild vine weaves.

Daughter of Pandion  
Swift of wing,  
In the depth of my heart  
Does the music run.  
Troublest thou me  
With a dream of spring  
O thou light-hearted  
And lovely one?

ELIZABETH BELLOC

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## SKYSCRAPER RANGE

Mountainous, sky-drinking city,  
Lifting to the sun your pinnacles of splendor  
That break the light  
To rainbows as a prism does,  
Within your storied height  
Rich minerals are found,  
Steel and chromium and iron ore,  
Not buried underground.  
Your windows gleam  
With gold, and jewels burn  
In the brilliant fissures of your shops.

Empire Crag stands sentinel, alone,  
And Chrysler Summit tops  
Woolworth Peak. In Rockefeller Pass  
Geysers gush out of the living stone.  
West and East the Alpine buildings turn  
To Giant Causeways, dwarfing Fingal's Cave  
And Stonehenge and the ancient cromlechs,  
Linking coved Long Island and palisaded Jersey,  
Rising sheerly out of Hudson's stream.

Cloud-nodding high, New York, the dream  
Of mammoth-minded men,  
Grow likewise mammoth-hearted.  
Let the valleys of your streets be lifted  
That the edelweiss of hope  
May grow in narrow crannies  
As well as on the slope.

FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON

## SILVER ROSARY

Tonight I said my rosary, as I have often done before,  
Reflecting on our Saviour's deeds,  
With Grandma's beads.

A little gift, a simple prayer—a talisman, but something  
more,  
Solution for my sad affairs  
With Grandma's prayers.

KATHERYN ULLMEN



## BOOKS

### BETWEEN 1914 FRYING-PAN AND 1939 FIRE

DIPLOMAT BETWEEN WARS. By Hugh R. Wilson.  
Longmans Green and Co. \$3

THE author is one of our most distinguished professional diplomats and has served for many years in Berlin, Tokio and Geneva. He is, therefore, well qualified to write about the diplomatic struggles that marked the period between the great wars, especially the policy that America pursued in those fateful years. The balance, moderation and insight with which he discusses these great issues are particularly valuable at the present time. They may explain why the book has not received more attention from the press.

As Minister to Switzerland and American representative at many of the great international conferences held under the auspices of the League of Nations, he had unique opportunities to see that organization at work, and his opinion of it should carry weight. It is fashionable now to blame the war on the failure of the League and the failure of the League on our refusal to join. Responsibility for the war is thus shifted to us and we are told that we have a duty to correct the state of affairs we brought about. Such a duty involves the necessity of policing the world for generations. Mr. Wilson believes American membership would not have saved the League and that, in fact, we too would have left it. Conference after conference broke down because the important decisions were not made in Geneva at all. It is interesting to recall now that only seven years ago a German offer to accept a standing army of a quarter of a million, with permanent and substantial inferiority in artillery and aviation, was rejected in Paris as entirely too favorable to Berlin.

Mr. Wilson has much to say about American relations with Japan. He regards the alienation of Japan as a costly and unnecessary blunder. The good will developed by our generosity at the time of the Tokio disaster has been dissipated by the Exclusion Act, and by the Non-Recognition policy of Mr. Stimson. The Japanese have come to believe that we are determined to block them on all fronts at all times. The results are obvious today.

The manners of the new diplomacy stand in woful contrast to those of the old. The protocol has been discarded and has been replaced by the use of incendiary and insulting notes or speeches that are in reality election appeals. This serves to arouse war spirit everywhere. The author traces it to Trotsky and the Old Bolsheviks. It is too bad it did not die with them.

FLORENCE D. COHALAN

### RIDE A PLUSH HORSE TO BANBURY CROSS

THE ASTORS. By Harvey O'Connor. Alfred Knopf, Inc. \$3.75

IN this carefully documented work the author has written a history of a famous family from its humble beginnings down to the present day. The career of its founder, John Jacob Astor, is sketched briefly but effectively from his arrival in this country as an immigrant, "poor, healthy, sober, industrious, hungry for money, quick with ambition," to the time of his death in 1848 when his heirs received twenty million dollars. Thereafter, Mr. O'Connor passes on to the period when

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through intermarriage with the descendants of New York's colonial aristocracy, the social star of the Astors began to rise.

Having received their huge patrimony, the heirs sat back, contented with holding on to what they had. They bought new land, and leased the old, but never sold anything, and the value of their property increased out of all proportion to what had been paid for it. Then, with the influx of immigrants from Europe, tenements were erected which until only a few years ago were still the disgrace of this city. There is no denying that the greatest part of their wealth was the product, first, of the cruel exploitation of the Indians, and finally of the misery of the poor.

In direct contrast to all this, Mr. O'Connor presents the reader with a brilliant picture of the glittering homes, jewels, and innumerable dinners and balls of this family in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Dining well and often seems to have been their constant occupation, "but it is a remarkable fact," says the author, "that out of all the talk accompanying such eating, not a single remark has been preserved for history, not an aphorism or anecdote." All the petty intrigue, narrow-mindedness, arrogant pride, opportunism, and lack of real culture are depicted in a racy, clever and somewhat contemptuous style. Mr. O'Connor quotes letters, newspapers, diaries and other sources in such felicitous juxtaposition that there is scarcely need for his own particular brand of sarcasm.

The last part of the book is devoted to the Astors of England, the descendants of William Waldorf Astor who, because of political disappointment in this country, established himself in England, later becoming a viscount. For this branch of the family Mr. O'Connor has sharpened his already barbed words, and he accuses them mercilessly of loosing upon their adopted country the horrors England is now suffering. Unfortunately, while this is an exceedingly interesting account and one which, on the surface may seem quite true, and possibly is, the reader will be forced to conclude that the necessary documentation is lacking, and that, therefore, the so-called Cliveden set is not quite what Mr. O'Connor would have us believe.

It is true, however, as Mr. O'Connor shows, that these former Americans possessed great and often selfishly used influence through their wealth and their ownership of important newspapers, and that they have demonstrated the chameleonic nature of their political and sociological ideas whenever, as now, the foundations of that influence were in jeopardy.

In *The Astors*, Harvey O'Connor has written a scholarly, informative, somewhat sprawling, but always entertaining history, and he has treated fairly, sometimes even pityingly, the spiritually impoverished descendants of "the first American Croesus."

PAUL J. HAAS

## JUNGLE TREKS AND TERRORS LIGHTENED BY GAY HUMOR

BUSH MASTER. By Nicol Smith. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.  
\$3.50

EVEN a plain tale of the wonderful and strange has an irresistible attraction for the normal person. Nicol Smith is an adventurer whose treks into remote corners of the world do not suffer in the telling, a *raconteur* whose narrative reads like a novel. The jungles of Dutch Guiana provide the setting and, although we are a skeptical generation, repelled by the extravagances of unnatural natural history in which former ages took delight, we cannot question the authenticity of a recital profusely illustrated by the cameraman-author.

The copy-value of one of the Guianas, which nestle in the northeastern shoulder of South America, has been exploited through accounts, sensational or sober, of its penal colony, Devil's Island. But the jungle behind the



sleepy Dutch settlement of Paramaribo is almost virgin soil for either adventurer or author. The gay and vibrant young American, who stepped from the steamer into this tiny European foothold, soon felt how close the dark interior presses upon the town. Strange evidences of voodoo and the sight of snakes whose sting means instant death or horrible paralysis, chastened his first whimsical reflections upon native dress and customs. Enter now, as the keeper of these snakes and the intimate of medicine-men, the villain. Yes; there is a villain of the piece, in whose company the author journeys inland. He is the "Bushmaster," Herr Doktor E. von Heidenstamm, a brusque, eccentric Prussian who dreams of empire. Place such a character in an exotic setting and you have the ingredients for a tale of horror and suspense. But the long shadow cast by the doctor, as the expedition winds up the great Corentijn River to the Indian country and the climactic action of the story, is lightened by the bubbling humor of his companion and the delightful simplicity of friendly natives.

Mr. Smith's first book, *Burma Road*, was published before that road began to appear in the headlines. Of future events in Dutch Guiana he makes no prediction. He does, however, encourage the reader to draw certain conclusions which dovetail with unverified accounts of German penetration elsewhere in South America. His account is withal wholesome reading and absorbing narrative.

J. F. MURPHY

**THE USURPER.** By Harry Harrison Kroll. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.50

WHEN this story opens in 1929, Stan Butterworth was forty and owner of a store and ferry at Barlow Bend in the Mississippi Delta country. A farmer's son, he had begun early to save his money and now he has more ready cash than any man in the district. A chance meeting with Lacey Ferrin, a boyhood sweetheart, shatters his contentment and stirs an ambition to become a power in the community of which Cottontown is the hub. Share-croppers in their dire poverty and their first feeble, tragic efforts to form a union give a background to the story, but it is chiefly concerned with the social and financial scheming of the cotton planters.

Some excuse for conditions may be found in the social structure built up in previous generations, but the building as exhibited here is rotten from foundation to roof. Among all grades of the community lying, robbery, lust and revenge are rampant, and the only glimmer of religious consciousness comes from the poor lower class. It is a gripping story with the ring of truth, but not a single character is admirable.

WILLIAM A. DOWD

## A GLANCE AT THE EDITOR'S BOOK CASE

HERE is a raft of fiction which the Editor has accumulated in his Book Case.

Academic snobbery seems to be the main theme of *Holy Suburb* by Elizabeth Atkins (Dutton, \$2.50). The holy suburb appears to be a Methodist college, where the use of tobacco is raised to the dignity of the eighth deadly sin. But, to be frank, it is to be hoped that Methodism is not altogether so narrow minded as it appears in this novel.

Desmond Hawkins in *Lighter Than Day* (Knopf, \$2.50) gives us a tale of life in the south of England in the post-war years—that is, the last war. But you cannot inject vitality into a novel that goes in for noble ideas and psychiatric studies. And that is just what Mr. Hawkins attempts to do. The writing is fine, but the tale, as a tale, lacks backbone.

Somewhat hectic is *People of the Valley* by Frank Waters (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50), which concerns itself with a Mexican village in New Mexico. How on earth a deeply religious man can take as his common

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law wife a promiscuous female passes understanding. But this author manages it somehow, and for good measure, drags in the sect of the *Flagellantes*.

Six short stories go to make up *Medical Center* by Faith Baldwin (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50). The idea is to present the interns and nurses of a hospital as ordinary human beings, and Miss Baldwin has succeeded extremely well in this endeavor. The character study is good, and the characters are human beings, not fictional dummies on which to drape a tale.

Modern people with modern problems, whatever they may be, take up all of *Bright Intervals* by E. H. Clements (Dutton, \$2). Coming down to facts, this is a tale of people who seem never to have shaken off their adolescence or else refuse to face the realities of life intelligently. Probably a good vacation would have had a therapeutic effect on these characters, but the author does not hint at that.

If you have any special interest in Maine, then *Singing Beach* by Elizabeth Foster (Harper, \$2.50) is the sort of tale to interest you. The plot is not very vigorous, and the characters lack Vitamin B. However, if Maine interests you read the tale, which is well written.

Maine also enters very largely into Emilie Loring's *Where Beauty Dwells* (Little, Brown, \$2), which is an enjoyable book, not too exciting, and happily provided with a certain amount of fictional continuity. There is no literary snobbery in this tale, which takes its characters as and where it finds them. A good book for vacation reading.

A tale that centers about a wholly fictitious agent of General George Washington is *Richard Pryne* by Cyril Harris (Scribner, \$2.50). The locale is New York when that city was occupied by the British during the Revolutionary War. There are smugglers and profiteers in the narrative, and, as they flit by, some of the characters seems to have been extremely liberal in their interpretation of the moral law.

Amiel is a kind of person with a tortured and tortuous mind who spend some unhappy years in Siberia. At least that is the idea you get from *Amiel* by Myrtle Johnston (Appleton-Century, \$2.50). But the whole thing is puzzling, because this is a sort of fictional cocktail, and the ingredients do not always mix. There is a dig at the totalitarians, but, candidly, you don't know just where you are with these people, for all the fine writing and well developed dramatic situations.

In Brigid Knight's *Walking the Whirlwind* (Crowell, \$2.75) there comes the story of an Englishman who sailed from England to South Africa early in the nineteenth century, presumably both for his own and his country's good. The best part of this yarn is its very good descriptive writing about Cape Colony. And that is well done, even if a great deal is squeezed into the narrative that might have been left over for a future novel.

*Personal Exposures* by Rex Beach (Harper, \$2.75) is not fiction, but a sort of mixed grill about the life and writings of one of our best known American writers. It is not straight autobiography, but mixes into a very readable potpourri personal anecdotes, stories, travelogs and what other people think. In a sense, it is the story behind Rex Beach's stories, vivid and colorful, and explanatory of the author's life.

Compton Mackenzie in *West to North* (Dodd, Mead, \$2.75) continues his sequence of the saga of our times, as Mr. Mackenzie happened to see our times. The present happenings in Europe are brought to life with a pull as they impress themselves on the characters of this story. And, so it would appear to an objective outsider, Mr. Mackenzie dexterously uses the medium of fiction to get off his chest a good many grievances that apparently have been rankling there for some considerable time, which is an old device of fictioneers. But his denunciation of English politicians need not be taken too much at their face value; there is a good deal of ax-grinding about this. But that is not to say that Compton Mackenzie has lost any of his great skill as a novelist, which still keeps him in the front rank of English writers of today.

THE GLANCER



# ART

WHY a religious art? This question accompanied me like a skeptical companion when I looked at the Exhibition of Religious Art at the Parzinger Galleries. I have often wondered why one of our bolder Philistines did not demolish us with that question. The skepticism that inspires it is legitimate, and as we are living in a time when many accepted values need to be re-examined, it seems a good idea to ask this question myself. I also want to acknowledge a respect for the disregard of that sentimental reverence accorded to art, which is implied by this question. The misconceptions on which such reverence is based make it something of a disservice to the true interest of the artist, as well as to art itself.

I must say I did not find a complete answer to my question at the Parzinger show. Not that I failed to find much to enjoy there. The consistent quality of the exhibition prompts me to confess to a certain amount of surprise that Mr. Parzinger and Miss Sheehy were able to collect this amount of interesting material. Their energy, enthusiasm and discrimination has had its reward in a stimulating display. If the height of art is not manifested in any single piece, the plane of taste has, unquestionably, been achieved, and without confusing medieval reminiscences with religion.

The exhibition is consistently modern. That, in itself, is refreshing, but as a great deal of modern art is predicated on a type of stylization, the art becomes objective in quality and to the same degree unrelated to religious uses. In such work, the interest, therefore, is in the style employed and not in the religious idea it seeks to promote. This objectivity does not constitute an answer to my question, which is one that I think should be asked, and re-asked, until the artist answers it with a new type of art that is intelligibly related to religious uses.

Disregarding certain items in the exhibition which are merely sweet and which, therefore, need not particularly concern us, we find the note of modern stylization a very general one. That certain of the work is marked by the recognized talent of its creators, such as the sculptures of William Zorach, Warren Wheelock, José de Creeft, George Cratina, and the painting of Jean Charlot, does not save most of it from the taint of that stylized esotericism which is characteristic of modern art. In welcome contrast to this, the earthly reality of the painting of the Resurrection by Carl Schmitt demands the respect that should be accorded to such innate reality.

Interestingly enough, this Schmitt painting, while not a conclusive answer to the question of my Philistine alter ego, does offer an answer. I am stating an obvious fact, when I say that it is a very fine piece of painting. The well defined inner quality which it possesses, however, is what makes it important. That quality is compounded of clarity and simplicity and it is not marred by a fictitious Italianated or Germanic type of ecstasy, or by the modern veneer of stylization. This picture is a direct statement, told in human terms, and its style aspect is not an imposed one. It possesses that more valuable and important thing, an innate style, which results from a communicated idea, adequately and convincingly presented.

Mr. Parzinger's own work in metal and wood combines an authentic Viennese elegance in design with fine craftsmanship. The tradition, perpetuated in their day by Hoffman and Olbrich, and by the Wienerwerkstatt, has a worthy representative in this talented designer. That it all seems a trifle unrelated to the robust character of the American scene, is the more to be regretted, considering the well sustained quality of this work.

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# THEATRE

**THE FADING SEASON.** The latest postponement of announced plays on the New York stage is the Theatre Guild's postponement of *Somewhere in France*. In this announcement the Theatre Guild has set a new record. Instead of merely deferring the first night for a week or two, as is the new habit of producers, the Guild airily defers the opening until next Autumn! This leaves first and second nighters no immediate new plays to go to. But we can always look back over the winter, and triumphantly mention that it has been a brilliant season.

We all remember how disappointingly it began. Play after play thrust up its little head, only to have it decapitated by the reviewers and the public. For a full month it looked as if the season was to be a disappointing one. Then the New York stage began to lift itself by its bootstraps into a more favorable position.

Now we still have on our stage the perennial *Man Who Came to Dinner*, *Life With Father*, *Tobacco Road* and *Hellzapoppin*, leftovers, and among this season's offerings, *Arsenic and Old Lace*, *Claudia*, *Johnny Belinda*, *Lady in the Dark*, *Mr. and Mrs. North*, *My Sister Eileen*, *Native Son*, *Old Acquaintance*, *The Corn is Green*, *The Doctor's Dilemma*, and the leader of them all, *Watch on the Rhine*, which has just received the critics' annual award as the best American play of the year.

The award for the best foreign play went, of course, to Emlyn William's *The Corn is Green*, of which the star role is so superbly acted by Ethel Barrymore. The revue successes still with us are *Panama Hattie*, *Pal Joey* and *Louisiana Purchase* and *It Happens on Ice* is still filling the Center Theatre.

That brings me to the most satisfying feature of this season. It has brought to us not alone a dozen good new offerings, but it has restored to us at least half a dozen of our brightest stars, lost to us for several seasons. Ethel Barrymore's big hit will keep her here a year or two. In addition, we have Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood in *Old Acquaintance*, Josephine Hull in *Arsenic and Old Lace*, Frances Starr in *Claudia*, Katherine Cornell in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, Ina Claire in a transient showing of *The Talley Method*, and even a passing view of that favorite of years ago, Carlotta Nielsen, in an autumn play that was wilted by a heavy frost. It was nice to have it in New York, even so briefly, since it offered us that glimpse of Miss Nielsen, who is now giving all her attention to Hollywood. Helen Hayes, who has been so fortunate in her recent offerings, stayed with us several months, in a revival of *Twelfth Night*, with Maurice Evans.

Among the younger actresses of the hour, Gertrude Lawrence, of course, made the biggest success in her new offering *Lady in the Dark*, in which she is still going strong, while Dorothy Stickney continues her success in *Life with Father*.

Another heartening feature of the season is the appearance of a number of new stars on the horizon. The most conspicuous of these are Dorothy McGuire in *Claudia*, Helen Craig in *Johnny Belinda*, Peggy Conklin in *Mr. and Mrs. North*, and Shirley Boothe and Jo Ann Sayers in *My Sister Eileen*. New honors are going to Lucile Watson for her beautiful work in *Watch on the Rhine*, and in the same play Paul Lukas has put himself in the front rank of our actors, while Mady Christians is adding to her excellent record on the New York stage. Also, one of the strongest impressions of the season is being made by the colored actor, Canada Lee, in *Native Son*.

All this gives theatre lovers much cause for rejoicing. Moreover we have plenty of time to rejoice, owing to the uncertainties of the dates of coming attractions.

ELIZABETH JORDAN



# FILMS

**CITIZEN KANE.** Orson Welles may count his old age secure since he has discovered the art of being a promising young man, a state which is forgiven all things except mature achievement. His first film pays the penalty of experimentation, falling well short of perfection, but it is a vastly interesting production. Its spirit, at least, is reminiscent of that tentative assault on Hollywood commercialism which Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur entitled *The Scoundrel*. In that film, too, tricks were done with direction and camera which were refreshing up to the point where they became eccentric, and there, again, the suspicion lingered that the central character had a notorious prototype. The career of an American individualist is recorded through the eyes of his close associates, and the time-shift technic ranges over a full lifetime, highlighting his publishing interests, his political aspirations which were blasted by scandal, his promotion of a singer who becomes his second wife, and his death in bitter loneliness. Mr. Welles' portrait is trenchant but without moral indignation, it is engrossing more for its strangeness than any human sympathy, and this major defect colors the entire production. The Mercury Players give excellent performances, even though their effectiveness is sometimes diminished by a kind of competition with the artful camera. *Adults* will find this a unique film. (RKO)

**THE PEOPLE VS. DR. KILDARE.** A smooth transition from the usual hospital scene to a courtroom gives this latest Kildare adventure a more diversified appeal and raises it above its recent predecessors. Harold Bucquet makes full use of all the devices for suspense which surgery and lawsuits suggest, and is canny enough to allow for the character touches, both comic and serious, which are a feature of this series. Dr. Kildare happens upon a famous skater who has been injured in an auto accident, and operates at the roadside to save her life. But when the girl's leg is paralyzed after recovery, Kildare's professional standing is threatened by a lawsuit. A further and completely successful operation solves the difficulty. The trial scene is well done and gives Lionel Barrymore an opportunity which he does not lose. Lew Ayres and Laraine Day are excellent as always in a recommended film for the family. (MGM)

**THE GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST.** It was inevitable that radio should come in for a cinema celebration, along with the telephone, the movies and Tin Pan Alley, and this picture is constructed on familiar lines. It divides its interest between a sentimental story and lively musical entertainment. Two radio pioneers part on a romantic issue and one rockets to success while the other, who has married and settled down with a small station, plods along. A domestic rift sends the latter's wife back to the big city and a singing career but altruism and a coast-to-coast broadcast solve all. Archie Mayo's direction of the formula is adequate, and Alice Faye, Jack Oakie, Cesar Romero and John Payne make it tolerable. There are more forthright items of entertainment for adults. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

**HER FIRST BEAU.** This is a pleasant little excursion into the romantic trials of adolescence, and marks the metamorphosis of another child star into a juvenile charmer. Jane Withers suffers most of the complications when she is diverted from her home town aviation enthusiast by a scheming city slicker, but the estrangement is only temporary. Jackie Cooper and Edith Fellows are firm support under Theodore Reed's direction, with Josephine Hutchinson excellent among the adults. This is a lively film aimed chiefly at a lively audience. (Columbia)

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## EVENTS

(THE Northern Newspaper Syndicate of the planet Saturn has exclusive rights to publish the experiences of Gulla Ver, Jr. Mr. Gulla Ver, a native of Jupiter, who moved to Saturn at an early age, encountered a star-dust storm on one of his interplanetary expeditions and fell on a hitherto unknown planet, Earth, into a city of toy-like buildings called Washington. Upon regaining consciousness, Mr. Gulla Ver found himself lying on his back with his arms and legs pinioned with masses of tiny chains, while thousands of small creatures, none of them more than six feet in height, swarmed about him. Though Mr. Gulla Ver is only 752 feet tall (he is called "The Runt" by his Saturnine friends), his bulk appeared gargantuan to the pint-sized Earthians. Believing at first that the tiny creatures belonged to some unknown species of insect, he was astonished to discover that they were actually human beings. Persuaded of Mr. Gulla Ver's pacific intentions, the Earthians removed his chains, erected a special hangar for his residence, and taught him the difficult United States dialect. In an earlier dispatch to this syndicate, Mr. Gulla Ver described a very popular custom among Earthians known as war, in which great masses of tiny creatures keep slaughtering each other for several years. This custom is observed by the entire Earth about every twenty-five years. He also told of another less popular custom known as peace, a name given to the interval between wars. This interval, he revealed, is utilized for the construction of the ships and buildings that will be destroyed in the ensuing war and for the preparation of the men, women and children who are to be massacred. In his last dispatch, Mr. Gulla Ver informed us of Earthian groups set up to prevent wheat, cotton, pigs, babies and so on. In the following dispatch, which was received from Earth yesterday, Mr. Gulla Ver uncovers another Earthian custom). . . .

I was asked to speak over the air on the divergences in the marriage customs and family life among Saturnites and Earthians, and last week I broadcast from my hangar as follows: "Dear Earthians: Since my arrival on your planet, my attention has been caught by two things: The great difference between your family customs and those of Saturnites, and the striking similarity between your attitude toward marriage and family life and the attitude of animals on Saturn. Your practice of leaving your young to shift for themselves at an early age is widely followed by our animals. Your custom of taking new mates every year or so is also highly popular among Saturn animal life. I have read in your papers of numerous young women in their twenties who already have had five or six husbands. A similar situation would be found among Saturn fauna. About the only difference in your approach to marriage and the approach of the Saturn animal is that you go through a ceremony each time you take a new mate. Your customs, on the other hand, differ greatly from the customs of humans on Saturn. Our practice is to take care of the children until they are fully matured, and to do this effectively, it is, of course, essential that the parents refrain from marrying other parents. This custom of parents' not marrying other parents no doubt will seem very odd to you. To sum up: there is a great difference between your marital attitude and that of the Saturn people; there is little or no difference between your marital customs and those of Saturn animals. I thank you." . . . After giving the above accurate address, I was amazed at the storm of protest which followed. Letters poured in complaining: "How dare you compare us with animals?" . . . I had not dreamed my words would cause offense. I merely told the truth as I saw it, and I can not help suspecting that there is still another peculiar Earthian custom: Earthians do not like to hear the truth.

THE PARADER